

SANDHYA MEDITATIONS

AT THE CHRISTUKULA ASHRAM

BY

C. F. ANDREWS

G. A. NATESAN & CO., MADRAS

Price Re. One

DEDICATED
TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE
CHRISTUKULA ASHRAM
TIRUPATTUR
NORTH ARCOT
WITH GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
AND AFFECTION



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

A melancholy interest attaches to this volume on which Mr. Andrews had set his heart during the closing days of his life. About the third week of August last, writing to the undersigned, Mr. Andrews regretted that he had to give up the idea of "coming to my home in your house", and had to be content with merely writing about the object of his visit. That was to discuss about "a small publication" he had in mind—the series of meditations at Sandhya time which he had given at the Christukula Ashram at Tirupattur. And he went on to add:

"They are chiefly of interest to Christians, but as you will easily understand they have many lessons and stories that Hindus would like to read just as much as Christians. I have told for instance some of the stories and incidents which have happened to me in South Africa, Fiji and other places. Also there are stories about

great and noble men whom I have met. Other addresses are of more devotional character dealing with such subjects as prayer, meditation and thanksgiving to God."

Mr. Andrews expressed his particular desire that I should publish it rather than any missionary or sectarian organization, as his appeal was to a wider public than the Christian groups.

"As you know, my own views about religion are much wider than those of other people. Just as I like very much to read about the Upanishads and Gita and other books of Hinduism, so I am quite certain there are broad-minded Hindus who would very much like to read what I write from a broad and general Christian standpoint."

I readily undertook the work as Mr. Andrews, apart from being a great servant of India, was a valued friend and distinguished writer. He wrote back to say that my acceptance of his offer was "sure to be the beginning of a healthy change", and he was looking forward to its early publication. In fact, he had passed the proofs of most of the chapters, and only when he had to be

removed to a Nursing Home for operation did he advise me to send the proofs of the last remaining chapters to his friend, Dr. Paton of the Christukula Ashram. It is sad to think that Mr. Andrews has not lived to see the completed book on which he had set his heart in the last days of his life.

In the death of Andrews, India and indeed humanity has lost a veritable *Dinabandhu*—the friend of the poor and oppressed. What Gokhale said of another great friend of India—Sir William Wedderburn—is equally true of Andrews:

“He has believed in us in spite of the obloquy of his own countrymen. He has believed in us in spite of appearances. He has believed us in spite of ourselves. It is because he has so believed in us that he has been able to work through sunshine and storm and through good report and evil report. . . . The picture of this great venerable rishi of modern times, who has done this work for us is a picture that is too venerable, too beautiful, too inspiring for words: it is a picture to dwell upon lovingly and reverentially and it is a picture to contemplate in silence.”

No apology is needed for a work from the versatile pen of one, who when he was not writing was always serving some good cause with meekness and understanding. Andrews was a great Christian gentleman, abounding in the gracious prodigality of nature. He lived

For the cause that lacks assistance
For the cause that needs resistance,

and was rich

In that best portion of a good man's life
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

April, 1940.

G. A. NATESAN.

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INTRODUCTION

DURING a long stay in the beautiful Christukula Ashram at Tirupattur, North Arcot, I have shared with great joy in the general practice each evening of meditation, while we are seated together. The time is usually kept in complete silence, after the singing of a hymn in union, but occasionally I have been asked to give a quiet talk during that hour, and I have taken the subject that was most of all on my mind at the moment, so that what I said might be quite spontaneous and from the heart, rather than premeditated. After the meditation a closing hymn has been sung.

These meditations have now been collected by my friend and companion, John Mathew, of the Syrian Christian Church, who has been present throughout, and has taken them down in shorthand. They were translated at the time into Tamil by

Dr. Savararayan Jesudasan. I have kept the conversational form in which they were delivered.

It is a very great pleasure to me, that my old friend, Mr. G. A. Natesan, the Editor of the *Indian Review*, whom I have known from early South African days, and also during the struggle to abolish indentured labour, when I returned from Fiji, has gladly consented to publish them and thus give them a much wider circulation than if they had been privately printed by the Ashram. For many who are not Christians, as well as Christians, may like to read them. They cover different sides of my own life and work, and give an insight into those things which are very dear to me indeed. Surely we ought thus to try, with love, to understand one another, and to find a common meeting ground in the things of the Spirit wherever that is possible. May no word that I have written give any offence or pain!

If this volume is successful in finding a reading public in India and is passed on

from one friend to another, as a means of helping forward our common spiritual life, I hope that it may be followed later by another of the same character. For nothing appears to me more important in India today than to keep alive the *soul* of religion at a time when the younger generation appears almost inclined to throw aside religion altogether. A disgust has sprung up at the narrowness of those who insist on making these sacred truths into political and communal issues. They have to be raised once more to their high place in our personal lives.

It will be noticed that I have dealt very freely with the subject of Indian settlers in other parts of the world. This has been done deliberately for two reasons :

1. This subject has been my special interest and concern for over thirty years.
2. In India, I have found a lamentable ignorance about them which ought to be removed.

My readers will be glad to turn from the more directly spiritual meditations on prayer

and quiet and peace to these practical subjects, which touch the hard and miserable lives of our fellow-countrymen in distant lands across the sea. The spiritual aspect of religion must never be allowed to lose touch with the material needs of those, who are the poorest and the lowliest and the lost.

CHRISTUKULA ASHRAM, }
Tirupattur, N. Arcot. } C. F. ANDREWS.

AN OPENING PRAYER

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

 Forgive our foolish ways ;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

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Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

AN EVENING HYMN

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, not prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on ;

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past
[years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still,

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved longed since, and lost
[awhile.

SANDHYA MEDITATIONS

COMPASSION FOR THE VILLAGERS

JESUS said: "I have compassion on the multitude, because they have been with me three days and have nothing to eat." (Matt. 15. 32.)

Those who were with Jesus at this time were mainly the village people who had come in from the country. They were simple folk, who had not been spoilt by the life of the cities, where luxury and vice abound. They were called by Jesus in another passage 'babes'. He says: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." (Matt. 11. 25.) To such people, in their suffering and sorrow and weariness, He offers the gracious words of invitation:

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

These village folk, whom Jesus calls ‘babes’, because of their comparatively innocent lives, living away from the vices of the towns, form by far the greatest part of the population of the globe. In India, the villagers comprise nearly 90 per cent. of the whole population! All over the world, the vast mass of humanity is still composed of these village people.

Jesus loved these villagers with a peculiar love and compassion. Again and again we read that His heart was turned with pity towards them. He did not wish merely to give them earthly food in order to satisfy their physical hunger. He also sought to give them the Bread of Life, which would satisfy their higher natures, and make them truly sons of God.

Let us turn now to our own Ashram and consider how far we ourselves can share this compassion of Jesus for the multitude of the village people round us, and thus fulfil His own desire and purpose with regard to them. We have seen how His compassion for them was so strong that it moved Him continually in His earthly ministry. Do we ourselves share that compassion of Jesus? Have we, in our own hearts, anything at all like His love for them and His deep pity for their hard lot?

This is, perhaps, the most serious question that can be asked in an Ashram like this, because here, at Tirupattur, we are on the edge of many *villages*. We are not dealing with that other form of service of the poor which lies in the big towns. The villages, which Jesus loved, are all around us. Just in front of me, where I am seated, there are those hills, which I can see now before me. I hear that many poor people are over there, who are ill with malaria all the year round.

Yet hardly anything is being done to help them in their distress and to heal their sicknesses. Surely here is a work which needs to be considered, when we are so close to these hills at the Christukula Ashram.

A very short time ago, I was at Tada-gam Ashram, with Bishop Pakenham-Walsh and his band of brothers and sisters. They have hills close to them, where there is malaria. Very few people go to visit the villagers in order to care for them in their distress and show them how to cure the fever-stricken patients. While I was staying at Tada-gam, the Ashram brotherhood had a very lengthy meeting to consider how they could best help these village people. They decided to send one of their members on an expedition into the hills so that he might spend some weeks there getting to know the people and understand all their conditions of poverty and disease, with the purpose of finding out their many difficulties and helping them.

The Tadagam Ashram was ready to take a few of the leading lads from these villages, who would come into the Ashram and live with the brotherhood, and get trained in simple rules of hygiene. The boys would stay there, learning all the things that would be useful for their villages when they returned. I am not putting this forward as necessarily the best way in which the Christukula Ashram should help the villages, round Tirupattur. Possibly, another scheme might be better for this place. But something should be done.

Now let us try to absorb into our own minds four definite lessons this morning, which Jesus would teach us as we study His own method of working.

(1) We must first of all feel deep down in our own hearts this *compassion* of Jesus. We are not going to the villages merely for 'economic-uplift' or 'rural-reconstruction'. We have something far greater and more permanent than that. We have to go with the gift of divine love and

compassion from Jesus in our own hearts. Without this deep inner compassion, which Jesus Himself inspires, we had better not go at all. Certainly we cannot go forth direct from the Christukula Ashram without love in our hearts. For, apart from this, we should not represent our Ashram at all !

(2) We go out with this love in our hearts, not merely to *talk* about things, or to give a verbal message, but rather to live out in our own lives the same life of compassion which Jesus lived. We are not merely to preach, but to practise. It is quite wrong to say 'Lord, Lord,' and to make a profession of serving Christ, if we do not actually do the things which He commands us.

(3) We must also love with our *minds*, as well as with our hearts. We must find out God's own purpose, His plan, His method, of helping the villagers. I explained how the Tadagam brotherhood had met together and tried to find out His plan for their own work ; now I want you to find out what is the right mind for this work.

here. St. Paul says: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

(4) All that I have said hitherto will not be sufficient, if we merely go out alone, on our own account, and do not act as a brotherhood and a family. We are the Christukula Ashram, which means that we are the family of Christ; we must all act together as a family, we must meet together, pray together, work together, and fulfil together a common plan of action. Every single member of this body is important. As St. Paul says: "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it." (I. Cor. 12. 26) Some are young, some are old, but there is one Christukula Ashram, and we are all members of it. Therefore, during the coming days, while we are considering what more we can do to show, in action, the compassion of Jesus for the villages round Tirupattur, we must seek also to be more united ourselves and come together more than ever before, with the idea of finding out a common purpose and uniting in a common work.

If in all these four ways we are able to show, not only in word, but also in deed, a real purpose and a real plan of action, whereby we may all work together to show our compassion for those whom Christ loves, we shall succeed. But if we merely talk about these things; or again if we merely act individually and do not have any common plan of action, then we shall not succeed, but fail.

. GRACE AND TRUTH

It is said at the very beginning of the Gospel according to St. John: "The Law was given by Moses, but Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ." (John 1. 17.)

There is something wonderfully majestic in the impersonal uniformity of Law, where no individual exception is allowed to come in which might interfere with the stern decrees of justice. The planets in their courses fulfil their own laws of uniform activity; and the inanimate world of Nature seems also to be bound by uniform laws of its own.

But where sentient life comes in, the greatest fact of all is not uniformity, but freedom. The life which is merely mechanical loses its beauty. To force each individual into a framework of impersonal law, brings with it, in the end, death instead of life.

The greatness of the Christian Faith at its entry into the Roman World was this,

that it brought a new joy into men's lives. As Matthew Arnold wrote, in "Übermann. Once More":

A conquering new-born joy awoke,
And filled her life with day.

With regard to the decaying Roman Empire this was absolutely true. Clement of Alexandria described the new Christian life as a perpetual spring-time; and even in the dark catacombs at Rome, where the Christians held their services in the days of persecution, the picture of Jesus is drawn as a Musician and a Shepherd, leading His flock as He plays His music. Art also suddenly began to flourish once more, especially in Asia, where the Church had a wonderful efflorescence for many centuries before decay set in. In the Acts of the Apostles, the very same note of joy runs through every record. Even suffering and imprisonment were turned into joy.

Here, in this Ashram at Tirupattur, we ought to be able to find this note of joy and freedom and beauty all mingled

together. The word 'Grace', which St. John uses, combines all these three ideas: Freedom, Joy and Beauty. In the Greek language, Grace (Charis) and Joy (Chara) come from the same root. It should not be difficult to keep this note of joy in a place of such natural beauty as the Christukula Ashram at Tirupattur.

Since coming to live here, in South India, I have been more and more struck with the tenderness of the landscape and the peace that broods over it. What a lovely country it is! There are the hills in the distance, with their gentle rise and fall. The sunrise and the sunset, through the monsoon days, bring with them an indescribable glory. Whenever the rain descends, nature at once responds, and the earth becomes green with such a richness of colour, that the eye drinks it in with pleasure.

It should be possible, in such a place as this, to keep every part of our Ashram filled with beauty. Already this has been accomplished in the architecture of the

central building, the 'Jebalayam', which has the perfect outlines of a South Indian temple of worship. When I sit for meditation within the building, my eyes are never tired of looking at the stately stone columns and the blue of the mountains and the sky beyond.

The Hospital nestles in the trees, with its white arches and its background of the hills. From the roof of the building, where I have my room, the scene is indescribably lovely. The vast expanse of sky, during the moonlit nights and also on the dark nights with their stars, gives a tender joy to the heart and peace to the soul.

It seems to me, therefore, of the utmost importance that those who are living here, as young brothers together, should appreciate this beauty and try in different ways to express it. Some, it may be, will be able to give expression to it in Song and Music; some may do so in other forms of Art. But much more than this, our daily work, whether in the Hospital or in

the School, should have that joy about it which creates a new sense of freedom.

For such a fresh supply of joyous strength we are able to go to Jesus Himself, "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross and despised the shame". (Heb. 12. 2.) His Spirit creates joy, beauty and freedom all combined in our own work in order to give it Grace and Truth, however dull and monotonous sometimes it may seem to be. The mechanical uniformity will be less and less apparent if we can realise this beauty around us. Each individual hospital patient, who comes under our care, will have a living interest for us. He will not be merely one more 'hospital case', to be treated with dull routine every day. We shall rather seek to find out whether we may be able to perform any simple kindness; and the least we can do is to have a smile as we go from one ward to another. On "Out-Patients' Day" we shall not be in a rush and hurry,

but shall remain quiet and tender-hearted with each sufferer in turn. "

Again, in the school, our classes of boys and girls will take on a new aspect, if we think of each one of them as given to us to teach for Christ's sake, and if we see Him in all our work. Who knows whether, in that very class which we are teaching day by day, some heroic spirit may not be hidden, behind the dull routine of our lessons?

If we get to know each boy well, and also something about his village and his home, how different our work will be! Above all, we should care for those whom Rabindranath Tagore, the poet, calls,

The poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

If any of our children come from the depressed classes, they should have our special care and love.

Morning by morning, and evening by evening, let us drink in the beauty of

Nature that is all around us here, and add to it the joy of loving companionship, and also the perfect freedom of intercourse with every one on equal terms. In that beauty, joy and freedom, we shall find the Grace and Truth, which come through Jesus Christ.

THE DAY OF THE LORD

THIS evening we are to consider together the World situation, in this hour of crisis. Then I think we should have united prayer.

We must not merely consider what is happening in India and to Indians abroad. We must think of mankind as one; and to-day humanity is facing very great dangers; for if a war breaks out between the few very great and powerful nations in Europe, as well as that going on between Japan and China, the result is almost certain to be a World War. And if it is true that in the last War twenty millions of human beings lost their lives, how terrible is the thought of a new war! The weapons of destruction are far more destructive to-day than they were then.

I am not going to explain what exactly the world situation is today and how near we are to the brink of another war; for things are changing almost every hour

But those who read day by day the news, which comes from Europe and America, see quite clearly that though the danger was very great indeed last September, it is even greater today and more serious still. But what, as Christians, as men of God, men of religion, men of prayer, should be our attitude, when the peril is so great? How do we differ from other people?

When we go to the words of Christ, we see that He faced a world calamity of the same kind as we are facing now. The Destruction of Jerusalem was very near at hand, and events were leading up to it. He said to His disciples that there would come a time when nation should rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom, and there would be wars and rumours of war. Then He gave two commissions, two commands, two words, that were to be held fast when the dread hour should arrive.

The first was that we should keep our souls, our minds, our hearts, in patience. That is to say, as men of God, men of

prayer, we must not get into a panic. Men of the world may get terribly alarmed and frightened, because they have no hope; but men of God, if they are faithful to God, should have no fear, because God is greater than all these terrible contrivances of man.

Christ gave another command, which is still more striking. He said: "When ye see these things come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke 21. 28.) He means, what we often say in a proverb, that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity". As St. Paul says: "When I am weak then am I strong: for God's strength is made perfect in weakness." So if we are to lift up our heads with joy, with very solemn joy, it is because we know that out of this great trouble, God's great opportunity comes of doing His own mighty work in the world.

To repeat, these are the two things which Christ tells us plainly to do. With regard to the coming of Christ in this

great world crisis—first of all, we need to be patient. We have to keep confident that as men of God, men of prayer,—who put no trust in worldly power, but believe in God,—we have to be keeping watch for God's own marvellous acts of judgment and mercy, that will surely come to pass. Secondly, Jesus tells us the hardest thing of all. We must look up and lift up our heads. We must be so sure of God's presence, and that He will bring mighty things to pass, that we must look up and not down; we must lift up our heads with joy, because we are sure that the world's redemption is drawing nigh.

To do this, during these days of overwhelming anxiety through which we are now passing, is indeed an impossible task for our unaided strength. We can only win our souls by 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfector of Faith'. (Heb. 12. 2.) He alone can give us the moral fortitude to endure to the end. Apart from Him, we should never be able to look up and lift up our heads.

Those of us, who went through the horror of the last War, as it lingered on year after year, find it more than difficult to face, with any strength and courage of our own, this still more terrible appeal to brute force which is now being made.

There is one anxious question, which is being eagerly asked by many earnest Christians in South India at this present crisis. "Are," they ask, "these woes, through which we are now passing, the beginning of the End? Is the Day of Judgment near?"

We have many warnings from our Lord Himself not to engage in vain speculations of that kind. "It is not given to you," He said, "to know the times and seasons, which the Father hath set in His own authority." (Acts. 1. 7.) And in an earlier passage, He stated: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed. Watch and pray. For ye know not when the time is." (Mark 13. 32.)

We are right, therefore, in observing a wise reticence in these matters. One thing alone is certain, that today we are going through one of the dark hours of Christendom; and the extreme urgency of the times in which we live should make us use each day and each hour with faithfulness and truth.

[*This address was given a few weeks before the War actually begun. I have left it as it was reported.—C. F. A.*]

THE SIN OF RACIAL PRIDE

THERE is one sin which is far commoner than we suppose and is often made light of, namely, that of Racial Pride. This is by no means confined to one race only. Each extreme nationalist movement brings with it racial arrogance.

While we often make light of this and think of it almost as a virtue, it was one of the sins which wounded Christ to the heart at a time when He suffered most. We often miss, as we read the Gospel story, the scorn in the words of Pilate as he asked from Christ, who stood before him, the sneering question, "Am I a *Jew*?" Yet, in that one word "Jew", all the pride of the Roman came hissing out of his lips, and we can almost hear the harsh, guttural voice as Pilate uttered it. This pride of the Roman race, together with the contempt of all other people, was a besetting sin which cast a dark shadow over the Roman.

Empire. The oppression of the weaker races by invincible Rome led on to bitter contempt and mutual hate. The brutality of it is revealed in that one word of Pilate, "Am I a *Jew*." Jesus was obliged to bear from Pilate this last humiliation. •

Another form of the same pride was that of the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not as other men were. Christ's scathing condemnation of those who indulged in, their religious pride and selfishness is awe-inspiring. He deliberately chose the publicans and sinners as His friends, rather than the godly Pharisees.

Many of us, on reading the Gospel story, have been startled by the severity of Christ's condemnation of the Pharisees, who in their own way were deeply religious men. But Christ's compassion was always on behalf of the outcaste and the untouchables. He took their side immediately and stood with them whenever this pride of race, or caste, or creed, oppressed them.

In modern times, we are faced, within the Christian Church itself, with these same

sins of pride which brought our Lord Jesus Christ to His death on the Cross. The pride of the Roman, the pride of the Pharisee, are to be found today deeply embedded within the Christian community. They are lurking even in our own hearts, and are an abomination in the sight of God. Yet in the early dawn of the Christian faith, there was a remarkable absence of them. St. Paul has expressed this in a glorious phrase often repeated which runs through his letters :—

In Him there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but all are one Man in Christ Jesus.

To St. Paul, the young Church of Christ was an epitome of all mankind. In our Lord's own teaching, the prayer that He gives us, "Our Father", is the prayer of humanity. Our God is not a tribal God but the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Even Apostles, like Peter, could hardly appreciate at first the change from the old life to the new. Yet with a wonderful humility Peter learned lesson after lesson

and in the end he became one with the heroic character of Paul. Both of them suffered martyrdom at the centre of the Roman Empire, for their faith in Christ as the Son of all mankind.

But today a dreadful thing has happened. There are, as I have said, Christian Churches, where racial pride is rampant; where those of a different colour are not allowed by the white race to share the Sacrament side by side with themselves. Thus a barrier has been set up in the holiest of all. When I was in Florida in the South of the United States in 1930, I begged earnestly the minister of the Church that at least on that Christmas Day we might have a united Communion Service between the 'white' and the 'coloured' people. But even though he ardently wished to do this, he was afraid to act, because of the violent opposition there would have been against it. Even here in South India, I am told, there are Christian Churches where a barrier has been raised, beyond which those who have become Christians

from the depressed classes are not allowed to pass. The caste spirit has not been abolished even from the Church of Christ.

In Germany, we have seen an anti-Jewish hostility which makes even Christian Jews, outcaste in the land of their own birth. It is true that as yet there is no parallel to this in England; but it is well-known that those Englishmen who go out from the home country to South and East Africa and other lands have adopted very quickly the caste and racial spirit, and thus brought their Christian Faith into disrepute.

Let us not here, in this Ashram, pride ourselves on being free from all such evils. It may be that secretly lurking in our own hearts is some relic of them. At least let us be humble, and feel as our very own the reproach that is brought upon the Church of Christ by these unchristian acts. We shall remember Him who suffered such shame and contempt from these sins of passionate and headstrong men, and follow the example of His great humility,

“who when He was reviled, reviled not again: when He suffered, threatened not but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. (1 Peter 3. 23.)

PEACE AND REST

TONIGHT I want to tell you about my own weakness, and how I was able to learn through God's grace, at least in some measure, to overcome it.

When I was young, as you are, and lived in England, I was very active indeed and used to spend all the day in ceaseless activities. Indeed, I would almost grudge the time that I spent in quiet and prayer and meditation. At that time, I was working among the poor in London, and the work itself was Christ's own work. So I said to myself: "This work is surely the work of Christ. Let me do it with all my heart and take up all my time in doing it."

In this way, I was continually over-active and worked night and day with hardly any pause or time for rest. I forgot that Christ Himself went into retreat when He was too actively engaged in work among the needy. I think it is a fault with most of us in

England to be over-active and always engaged in meetings and engagements. At any rate I did not realize while I was in England what a great mistake it was.

But when I came out to India at the age of thirty-four, I noticed a difference between the two countries. In India, I had more time for leisure and rest and prayer. But that was not all. For from the first I had a great friendship with a very noble Indian Christian, named Susil Kumar Rudra, and this friendship showed me how different he was from myself. How quiet he was, how patient, how gentle! His whole life was far more balanced than mine. Love can see these things very quickly.

When I became his true friend, we used to talk about this weakness in my character which he had noticed; and he would tell me that he was quite certain that Jesus meant us to be restful and not so hurried as many of those who come from England are. Then we used to go together in the summer to the Himalaya mountains and

there I met Sadhu Sundar Singh. I saw his face, and it was so quiet and calm. I also watched his life,—how he spent long hours in prayer and meditation. He did not talk much, but he was full of love for Christ and I saw that he had something which I had not got. Very silently he taught me in his own way how Christ brings to us peace in this world.

Later on I stayed at Santiniketan with Rabindranath Tagore, and he also had this wonderful calmness of spirit. I used to watch him also and see how different he was from what I was myself. Sometimes when I got up before daybreak, I would see him already seated in quiet meditation and he would remain silent in the moonlight, perhaps for two or three hours, before the day's work began.

So I said to myself: "Here is something I must learn to understand. I must come to Christ and ask Him to teach me." And then I found He was ready to teach me. He said to me: "Come unto me, all ye

that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11. 28-30). So, little by little, those who were my dearest friends, such as Sadhu Sundar Singh, Susil Rudra and Rabindranath Tagore, all taught me by their own characters this great lesson of quietness and peace.

But I think the greatest of all lessons which I learnt was through illness, because while I was at Santiniketan I was attacked by cholera and was so near to death that for many days I was lying almost at death's door. In that time I had wonderful lessons from God Himself about peace in the inward soul.

I haven't learned all those lessons even yet. There are times when I get very restless about little things that I ought not to be worried about; but nevertheless, God has wonderfully blessed me, time

after time, with that inward peace, which is one of the greatest treasures of life. So I wanted to hand on this experience to you, in your own day, so that you may not make the same mistake that I made many years ago, but may find Christ in the inward heart. For to be with Him brings that peace within, which is so precious and abiding. It is the pearl of great price.

Believe me, now that I have reached old age, when I say that this is the best and greatest treasure that any one can find. Jesus himself said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The meaning of that is really just what I have been trying to say. It means that if we do not give time, and our earnest longing to the finding of Christ in the silence of our inner life, then we shall lose our true life.

Let us in this Ashram be active in doing our work in the hospital, in the school by day and in the night school; do

not let us fail there. Let us find Christ there. But above all, let us remember to find Christ in this time of silence, in this time of worship, in our solitude, when we are praying and while we are all alone. And if we find Him, we shall indeed have won the pearl of great price.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP PATTESON

THIS evening I am going to tell you the story of Bishop Patteson, who met his death nearly a hundred years ago in one of the Islands of the South Pacific Ocean. His father was one of the greatest Englishmen of his day, and Coleridge Patteson could have risen high in any profession. But he was eager, from his boyhood, to go out to the Islands in the Pacific Ocean as a missionary, to the people there who were still cannibals.

In this labour of love he had nothing more than a sailing boat, and he used to go on remarkable journeys from one island to another. Sometimes he was nearly shipwrecked while he tried to carry to the different islands the message of the love of Christ. Two years ago I was in the Fiji Islands. There is a small island called Ovalau, where Patteson made for a time his head-quarters at a little town

called Levuka. Ovalau itself is within the coral reef. You can anchor your ship without any danger of storm. When I stayed at Levuka, I used to think very often about what the state of things must have been a hundred years ago. For the islanders in Fiji at that time were, perhaps, the most fiercely savage in all the world. Today they are still wonderfully brave and strong in body, but in those days there used to be continual bloodshed; and any one who was killed in war was afterwards eaten by the savages.

From that Island of Ovalau, Bishop Patteson used to go to other islands where conditions were just as bad as in Fiji. Whenever he went to a strange island, he always swam to the shore holding up his hands in front of him as soon as he got to shallow water, to show that he was a man of peace and had no weapon of defence; for sailing ships often came with people on board who shot down these poor savages and killed them and took away their children. So it was very

dangerous for any one like the Bishop; because he might be mistaken for one of those evil person' who went to steal children; and he had some very narrow escapes from death owing to this kind of mistake.

At last, one day, he went out from Fiji to a group of islands called Santa Cruz, which he had never visited before; and these islanders were known to be especially savage. He came to one of the islands and as usual swam from the boat to the shore holding up his arms above his head, and from the shore they saw him coming. Everything seemed quiet; but suddenly a conch-shell was sounded and all attacked the Bishop and killed him.

The rest of the story is told by one of the Bishop's friends who was on board and saw the death of the Bishop from the schooner.

"I did not know what to do," he wrote, "There was no chance of saving his life; but I determined to go to the shore and

ask for his body. There was no one there to meet me when I landed. So I walked on wondering whether they were waiting to kill me; but no one came, till I got to the village itself."

He had taken one of the crew, who belonged to that part of the Pacific, to translate for him, because he did not know the language. When he came to the village, the headman came forward and this was his story:

"We are very sorry," he said. "We made a mistake. We thought this good man was a wicked man who came to steal our children. But when we were beating him to death, we noticed that he was praying for us and so even then we began to be sorry that we had killed a good man."

He then said to the Bishop's friend: "Come with me and I will hand over to you his body."

"He took me," so the Bishop's friend continued his story, "to a small lake, or

'lagoon' it was called, with palm trees all round, and in the middle was a canoe made by the savages and there was the body of the Bishop in the canoe covered by a cloth which the islanders had woven themselves. Someone swam out and brought the canoe to the shore. The face of the Bishop was quite calm and peaceful in death. On his breast there was a palm branch with five leaves on it. So I asked the headman of the village: 'Why have you put that palm branch] with five leaves on the Bishop's body?' The headman of the village said: 'I told you that we had made a mistake. Just before your schooner came, five of our boys were kidnapped and taken away by a ship. So we made a vow that we would kill the next five white men who landed on our shore. Your ship was the first that came to the island after these boys were stolen. So we fulfilled our vow and killed him, but before he died we saw what a mistake we had made and we were very sorry for it'."

When I went to Fiji in 1915, the whole of the Fiji Islands had become Christian. Every one of those, who had before been a cannibal, was now a Christian; and there were very noble Christians among them. Some of them who are quite young have gone out to those islands, just as the Bishop went; and some have actually laid down their lives, as the Bishop did, in martyrdom. There are still, in the Solomon Islands and in the Bismarck Archipelago, places where even today it is dangerous for any one to go and speak about Christ, because of the savages. A glorious work is being done, and little by little this cannibalism is dying out and the Islands are becoming Christian.

But, alas, serious evils have been coming in also; and these have done more harm perhaps than even the old cannibal practices that have now become almost extinct. I told you about the schooners that used to come to steal the children. There have also been ships that have brought alcohol and other evils, and also many diseases.

This then is a very simple story, and I thought you would like to hear it, because I have been living among these islanders. I have seen these people and I have heard them sing. I know those who are their leaders. One of the most wonderful things is their singing. They have remarkable voices. I have rarely heard such beautiful songs as those in these Pacific Islands. Once I went to speak (by interpretation) at the largest church in Fiji, at Suva, where there were about a thousand people,—men, women and children. All were crowded into the church to hear me speak to them. They sang their own hymns, and this is how they did it. One of them, a man, stood up and held up his hand and began to hum just one note, and then they all started to sing the hymn, taking their own parts quite naturally. There was no musical instrument. It was all by the human voice, and when the first stanza had been sung, the leader would again stand up and again hum the note so as to see that they had not got out

of tune. So it went on till the end of the hymn.

The Fijians are very fond of singing, and often they would go on at the time of the full moon very nearly all night long. They sing in their boats, or canoes, as they go paddling. All this gift of music they have brought into the Service of Christ. For it is in their churches that their singing is at its best.

All over the world, in Central Africa, in New Guinea, in Borneo, in Sumatra, these victories of the Cross of Christ have been won. May we be able to carry them forward in our own lives!

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN

WHEN I was with Mahatma Gandhi, during his twenty-one days' fast at Delhi, in the year 1924, he often asked for the hymn of 'The True Vaishnava' to be sung to him in order to give him comfort in his suffering. At that time, I was editing "Young India" and I asked Mahadeo Desai for a translation of it to insert in that paper. Its beauty, both in the words and music, was very great; and I read it over again and again.

Many years afterwards, while I was reading St. Paul's Hymn of Charity, in the thirteenth Chapter of I Corinthians, it suddenly occurred to me that here was the almost perfect description of 'The True Christian'. For the true Christian 'suffered long' and was 'kind'; he did not 'envy' or become 'puffed up' with pride; he never 'vaunted himself', or 'behaved discourteously'; he did not

think first about himself, but thought most about others; he never took pleasure in what was unjust or false, but rejoiced in what was good and true; he never failed to think the best of people, and to go on trusting and hoping to the very end for those whom he longed to help and serve.

Later on I made a simple English version of St. Paul's hymn on these new lines by using the words, 'The True Christian,' where St. Paul used the word 'Charity'. I gave it to Mahatmaji, and he published it in his own weekly paper, called "Harijan".

Tonight, I want to draw for you in outline a picture of 'The True Christian', as I have seen him in actual life. For one who was my dearest friend at Delhi, Principal Susil Kumar Rudra, came very near to the ideal of what a Christian ought to be. Let me try to sketch some of the features of his gentle and strong character, as I watched it day by day; and you will see how very near it came to that 'Charity'.

(or 'Love') which St. Paul describes as the greatest of all virtues.

What struck me at once in Susil's nature, when I met him for the first time in Delhi in 1904, was a perfect serenity and calmness, which clearly had its origin in a life of constant prayer and fellowship with God. He was never angry or ill-tempered when things went wrong, but would quietly do everything to set them right. He was especially kind and thoughtful to the servants of the College.

This sense of God's continual presence kept him humble and lowly of heart. He had no false pride in his own powers, but walked reverently with his God; and he kept his heart single and pure to the end. His unselfishness was equally complete in small things and in great. He never spared himself. Only by accident was one able to discover, what Wordsworth has called

the little unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,

which he performed so silently and unobtrusively. He was one of those who did

good in such a quiet way, that his left hand never knew what his right hand was doing; and in this manner he came very near to Christ's own absolute standard of loving service.

He was equally faithful as a friend, and told the truth in love fearlessly at all times whenever he saw things going wrong. When he met Mahatma Gandhi for the first time, it seemed to be love on both sides at first sight. It was my own great happiness to introduce them to one another, and they remained united in heart and soul right up to the end. Mahatmajī used to make the house of Principal Rudra his own home, and they enjoyed having long talks together.

When Susil had been an under-graduate, studying science at Calcutta University, he had gone through a time of sharp intellectual doubt, while the new ideas came pouring into his mind. He would often tell me about those days, and how the constant sight of the Oxford Brothers,

rising before the dawn for prayer, had sustained him all through his own inner conflict. In the end he came through, much stronger in his Christian faith than ever he had been before. His devotion to Christ was the sheet-anchor of his soul, and he never wavered in his allegiance.

No one, perhaps, was nearer to him during his later life than I was; to no one did he give his confidence more completely. Therefore I can speak of what I know full well. During the closing days, when he was at Solon, in the Simla Hills, his supreme love for Jesus Christ, his Redeemer and Saviour, supported him while his body became weaker and weaker. He passed from this world in sure and certain hope of a life beyond the grave, where sorrow and sighing should be done away.

I remember so well how in those solemn hours, when he knew that death was near, he told me with deep emotion how the words of Jesus: "I am the Resurrection

and the Life," had brought to him joy and peace; and this peace remained right up to the very end. Looking back over his long life, so wonderfully fruitful in good works, I cannot thank God enough for this great friendship. For Susil, more than any one else, drew my heart out towards India.

If, therefore, I were asked to point today to 'The True Christian', as I have known him in India; to the one who might be looked up as an example for Young India to follow; I should point first of all to the life of Principal Susil Kumar Rudra.

I have known also a Christian saint, Sadhu Sunder Singh. His example was full of lessons as to what the 'True Christian' ought to be. But his life and death were both on the scale of heroic martyrdom, which comes only to a very few in normal times. On the other hand, Susil's life was normal and homely, and therefore it was more akin to our own.

May our characters carry with them, as we grow older, something of Susil's great

humility and lowliness of heart; something also of his calmness and quietness of spirit. May we have within us his unselfishness, and love of truth, and purity of soul, so that our faces may bear, written upon them, that inner peace and calm which are the heritage of the people of God.

INDIANS IN BRITISH GUIANA

IN South America near the Equator, there is the coast line called 'Guiana'; and there are three different parts of it. The first is British Guiana; the second French Guiana; and the third is Dutch Guiana. British Guiana is called "Demerara"; French Guiana is called "Cayenne"; and Dutch Guiana is called "Surinam".

After the discovery of America, these colonies were made into sugar plantations because of their rich alluvial soil, and their abundant tropical rain. For a very long time slaves were brought out from West Africa to cultivate the sugar-cane. This slave traffic, in which Western European countries engaged, was most lucrative of all to Great Britain, because the slaves were brought over from West Africa in British ships. The cruelty that took place on the voyage was so bad that this alone

would have made the system of slavery an utterly inhuman practice ; but the treatment when they were landed was even worse. For even though there were many good planters, there were also bad planters. At last, in Great Britain, there was a very noble Christian movement started by Wilberforce to abolish slavery in all the British Colonies. Wilberforce was one of the finest characters of his age, who had his seat in the British Parliament and used his influence for this one purpose. He spent the whole of his life in trying to abolish slavery ; and on his death-bed, just as he was dying, the good news was brought to him that the Parliament had passed the Act for its abolition.

But the most heroic of all in this great struggle for the abolition of slavery was a young missionary, called John Smith, of Demerara. He had been sent out by the London Missionary Society to do what he could to preach Christ under those terrible conditions ; and he learnt to love the negro slaves for Christ's sake as his own brothers

and sisters. He had a wonderful influence with them in consequence.

From the moment he landed, the slave owners began to persecute him and he was forbidden to preach to the slaves. He replied: "I must obey God rather than man," and he soon became known all over British Guiana on account of his love for the slaves. At last, about the year 1830, there was a rising among the slaves against the masters and this was put down with a terrible amount of brutal force. The slave-owners were frightened, and in their panic they brought a charge against this young missionary, saying that he had encouraged the slaves to revolt. He was thrown into dungeon, full of malaria, and treated cruelly by the jailers, until at last, after more than a year's imprisonment and before his trial was finished, he died in the prison a martyr's death for the great cause.

When the full facts about the death of this young missionary came to England, there was intense indignation felt all over

the country. Those who have written the history of the Abolition, assert that his martyrdom for the cause did more than anything else to put an end to slavery itself.

As soon as the slaves were set free, the sugar plantations began to go out of cultivation. For the freed slaves would not work in them, because now they were free men; and everything in the plantations reminded them of the old life of slavery. At last the British Government requested the East India Company to send out, under indenture, Indian labourers to take the place of the slaves on the plantations. They were to serve for five years. The Company sent out ships which were called "Coolie-Ships," loaded with Indian labourers. These were recruited both from Madras and the North of India. These took the place of the slaves in the sugar plantations.

This new system of indentured labour was very nearly as bad as the old system of slavery itself. It was this evil system

of 'indentured labour' that sent me out to Fiji, Natal, Trinidad, British Guiana and many other places, in order to help to abolish it.

Mahatma Gandhi was my teacher; for he had seen for 20 years all the evils of this system at close quarters in Natal. There also the sugar-cane was cultivated by this indentured labour. He took me to the plantations and showed me the evil conditions under which they were living, almost like slaves. When they landed in Natal they were distributed to different masters, just as the slaves had been in the past. Then, for five years they were obliged to stay on the very same estate, whether they were well-treated or badly-treated. At the end of the five years, the masters in Natal did everything to compel the indentured labourers to re-indenture themselves and thus to go back under another indenture to the estate. If they did not return to their work as indentured labourers and wished to remain in the country as free men, they were obliged to pay a poll tax of £3

for every grown-up member of their family. So Sir William Hunter, the great historian of India, has truly stated that though it was not actual slavery, it could be called 'semi-slavery'.

In 1920, at last, the whole system was abolished in every one of these British Colonies. Since that time there has been a remarkable improvement among the domiciled Indians, who are now settled in these distant lands. But there are still very great evils which have to be overcome.

What has happened, it may be asked, to the *original* inhabitants of British Guiana, who are called "American Indians"? Another name by which they are called is "Carribeans"; for they have lived on the borders of the Carribean Sea. The tragedy is that nearly all of them have perished.

When I was in British Guiana in 1930 I found out that throughout that whole country, which is as big as the United Provinces, there were only 10,000 of these

original inhabitants still living. I went among them and saw them. Some are Christians. They are simple people, who live in the forest, chiefly by shooting birds for food and by eating roots. Among the main bulk of the population one-half are the direct descendants of the Indian indentured labourers. The other half are American Negroes.

Here, then, in British Guiana is one more country, like Fiji, where a large part of the population comes from India. It is of the greatest importance that we ourselves should have more sustained interest in these people who belong to our own country.

I cannot tell you any more details to-night, except that the climate is ~~a~~ trying one for Indians on account of the heat, because British Guiana is very near to the Equator. Also the low-lying land, where the Indians have their homes, is very damp, because the soil is the alluvial soil, near the sea, which is made by great rivers. The land is flooded every year.

Some are inclined to the quiet side of life; others prefer the active side. But the true Christian life must have both sides, just as the pendulum of the clock swings backwards and forwards. We who come from the West are often too active; and those who come from the East are too passive. We all have to try by God's grace to become more balanced. Those who like activity most, should practise quiet; and *vice versa*. We must all seek to take Christ with us in what we strive to do; for if we simply say: "I will do this out of my own strength," that will merely make us proud and conceited, and then we shall fail.

Tonight we have come to the evening hours before our Day of Rest. I would like to add one more thought; and I want you to pay special attention to it tomorrow, so that it may be a help to you in your worship. The first day of the week was always held by the Christians as a day of joy and thanksgiving. We read that the disciples *rejoiced* when they saw the

Lord ; they had *joy* when they knew He was with them ; they had *joy* when they met together in the Upper Room. The very Service of Worship, which we offer on Sunday, was first called the "Eucharist" or "Thanksgiving". When any Apostle, like Peter, or Paul, or John, came to one of the Churches, he was asked to offer the "Eucharist" or "Thanksgiving". He would thank God for the beauties of creation ; for all the love that had been given to the world ; and above all for the love of Christ who died for us upon the Cross and rose again from the dead. In one of the earliest Christian documents, called The Teaching, it is said that when one of the Apostles or Prophets visited a congregation, he should be asked to offer the Thanksgiving, as long as he could. That is, the Church allowed him to go on thanking God, in the power of the Holy Spirit, for as long as the Spirit moved him. These prayers of thankfulness were often spiritual songs. The development of music within the Christian Church

which is one of the most remarkable events in Church History, arose out of this Prayer of Thanksgiving. For it represented the note of pure joy among the first disciples.

We want to bring into the Indian Christian Church that same Prayer of Thanksgiving. We ought to have our great Christian poets and musicians, who will give us (as Narayan Vaman Tilak did in Maharashtra) the new song and music of India. In other parts of India this has been done also. You have already your Christian poets in Tamil, Malayalam and Telugu, but I do not yet know their names.

The Apostle Paul, whenever he mentions the gifts of the Holy Spirit, or the fruits of the Spirit, or the character of God's heavenly Kingdom, always speaks of joy as well as of love and peace. He says the Kingdom of Heaven is righteousness and peace and *joy* in the Holy Spirit. He says that the fruits of the Spirit are love, *joy* and peace—thus placing joy in the second place, just after love. Therefore on the Lord's Day, as we

come to our worship, let us offer this Prayer of joy and thanksgiving. Let tomorrow be really a Day of Eucharist, a Day of Thanksgiving, a Day of joy and rest. So shall we come nearer, in our own characters, to those first Christians who were ready to suffer joyfully for their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

THE INDIANS AT MATIABRUZ

IN one of the most beautiful passages of the New Testament it is written: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the Law of Christ." What is meant by this is, that Christian love must express itself in acts of sympathy. Otherwise it is not Christian love at all, but merely sentimental emotion. For this reason I would like to ask you tonight to share one of the burdens which has been on my mind for very many months, and has also been a continual trouble to me ever since the year 1920.

After the system of indentured Indian labour was abolished, there came back a stream of returned emigrants from all the British Colonies where they had been employed under indenture. There was, in their special contract, a clause which gave them a free passage back to India. A very large number of them eagerly took

advantage of this clause to return and visit their homes once more. But this has led in the end to very serious disappointment and disaster. For when they returned to their own villages, the villagers found that these emigrants had lost their old habits, owing to their life in the Colonies, and had adopted many new habits which were to them distasteful. They had also broken caste. Therefore, when they returned, the Indian villagers refused to receive them back into their own community, and so they became out-castes. This happened chiefly in the North of India. In the South of India, where emigration has been going on for such a long time to Malaya and Ceylon, there was much less repugnance on the part of the villagers. When the Tamil labourers returned from South Africa and Fiji, they were ready to take them back again. But in the North of India, all that I have just related happened on a very large scale and thousands of these poor returned emigrants drifted down to

Calcutta, and became stranded at a place called Matiabruz, near the Calcutta Docks where they waited for ships coming in from their own respective Colonies, in order to try to get back on them to their old homes.

Here, in Matiabruz, their condition was even worse than that of being outcastes in their own villages up-country. For malaria was like an epidemic in the place where they stayed and they had very little chance of getting any employment owing to the number of unemployed. The consequence has been that a large proportion of them died and those who remained alive were half-starved and destitute.

I have gone down to visit them, more times than I can number, and their misery has been heart-breaking. Besides this, continual correspondence has arisen about them. I have been doing my utmost to get either the Provincial Government of Bengal, or the Central Government at Simla, to take charge of them and prevent their falling victims to disease and starvation.

I want you, tonight, to bear these poor Indian emigrants on your hearts as they are being borne on mine; for the burden has become too heavy for me to bear alone. In this family of Christ here, at Tirupattur, we are told to "bear" one another's burdens and so fulfil the Law of Christ". Let me ask you here to bear a part of my burden.

You may ask: "Is there any remedy?"

I hope that no more ships will come back bringing further returned emigrants; for if further emigration is stopped it will be something. With regard to those who are still lingering on at Matiabruz, I have tried through public subscription to do something to relieve their misery. The Salvation Army has been able to send a special officer, skilled in Social Relief work, who has been doing what he can for the last few months. In this way the problem has been partly solved; but the misery still remains especially among the women and children, and every week I get pitiful appeals for help.

all of which I could not possibly answer as I would wish to do.

In these poor, sick people, who are hungry, thirsty, naked, and strangers, we ought to be able to see Christ Himself speaking to us and saying: "I was hungry and ye gave me to eat. I was thirsty and ye gave me to drink. I was naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. In as much as ye did it to the very least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." For when this motive becomes strong with us, we shall not fail to render help. Christ's love will constrain us to go on with our rescue work for His sake, until it is at last fulfilled.

THE COLOUR BAR

I WOULD like to go on with what I was saying last night about "bearing one another's burdens".

When Mahatmaji had come to Delhi, I asked him whether it would be necessary for me to go to South Africa. He said: "No. The great struggle against Race-prejudice and the Colour Bar is to be fought in India. When the Europeans and Indians are entirely on equal footing in India, the battle will be won here, and then the battle will easily be won in South Africa also." "Therefore," he added, "it is more important for you to stay here in India." He convinced me at the time, and I agreed.

Very soon after that, I became ill and had to go into the hospital at Delhi. Thus, both from what he said and also because of my illness, it seemed to be clearly God's will that I should stay in India, and not go out to South Africa.

But, in the last six months, the call to go to South Africa seems to have become stronger, and at the same time my health, owing to being here in this fairly dry climate, has improved. So I wrote one or two letters to Mahatmaji hinting that it might be necessary after all for me to go to South Africa. But I was, of course, quite ready to abide by his decision. Then one day quite recently he wrote back to me in his own handwriting. He began the letter without being clear in his own mind, but before he got to the end of the letter he wrote: "I feel now that you ought to go to South Africa,—first of all if you feel that it is God's will, and secondly if the doctors will allow you to go."

Then I wrote back to him that it was becoming clear to me that I really ought to go, and that I was trying my utmost to get some leading Christians to go out there also to speak to the Christians there, who were upholding the Colour Bar. I wrote to Mahatmaji that if I went, I should

go as a man of religion. For I should wish to speak to my fellow-Christians about the evil of the Colour Bar. There would be no need to go in any other capacity, but simply to put before them the teaching of the New Testament itself. Then I wrote to Nagpur, asking the National Christian Council to take the whole matter up at their Executive Committee Meeting in September. They have invited me to Nagpur, to speak at this meeting, and I have accepted. Then Mahatma Gandhi, in his second letter, has invited me to stay for a fortnight with him at Wardha just before this meeting at Nagpur.

I think it is most probable, that if I go out to South Africa I shall be able to call at East Africa, on the way, by a steamer which leaves Bombay on about October 11th. This will be the first steamer after the monsoon is over. There is one steamer on the 24th of September, but that would be too early; for if I took that steamer, I should not be

able to attend the N. C. C. Executive at Nagpur.

So I hope to go out in this way, because Swami Bhawani Dayal and others have all pressed upon me that there must be no delay, as the colour bar legislation in South Africa is very rapidly coming to a head. He is President of the Congress in Natal; and he has actually started this very afternoon (August 16th) from Bombay, by steamer, to go back to South Africa. Only this morning I received a telegram from him, sending his greeting to me, and telling me that they were eagerly expecting me. He ended the telegram with these words: "Please come immediately." So I wanted tonight to tell you this simple story of what is likely to happen in the next few weeks so that you may be able to help me to bear this burden also.

[I have included this talk just as I gave it on August 16th. But the outbreak of war has changed the whole situation, and at present my place is in India.—C.F.A.]

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH

THIS is a story about Sadhu Sundar Singh, whom I knew very well indeed, when he lived up at Kotgarh, beyond Simla, in the Himalayan Mountains.

His father was a wealthy man and a Sikh Sardar. This boy, Sundar Singh, had a very good mother, who taught him from the first to believe in God, but he had not yet heard about Christ. She belonged to the Sikh Faith, which is a religion founded by Guru Nanak in Moghul times.

One day he bought an Urdu New Testament, and when he had read the Sermon on the Mount, he was very troubled in his mind, because he found its teaching so noble, and he was very patriotic; he did not like, therefore, to think that such glorious teaching about forgiveness and love came in the books of the foreign religion of Christ. One of the first passages he came across

was: "Love your enemies, Do good to those that hate you, pray for them that persecute you Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The beauty of those words continually haunted him. Then he went on a little further and he read these words: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." Here again he was deeply moved.

I forgot to tell you that Sundar Singh did not know English; he read the New Testament in the Urdu language. Perhaps you would like to hear in Urdu, which is one of the languages of the 'North of India, the words I have just quoted. Here is the Urdu. It is such a joy to be able thus to read these passages in the different languages of the world. The beauty is always the same. For it is the sense that matters.

But the great word which touched him most deeply of all was the word from the Cross: "Father forgive them, for they

"know not what they do." He was a mere boy, and very patriotic, as I have said; so he became quite troubled and vexed, and even angry; because this Christian scripture seemed so beautiful. Therefore, one day, when his father was sitting at his Durbar, with all his followers round him, the boy, Sundar Singh, brought the Urdu New Testament and flung it on the ground before his father; and then he poured some petrol over it and set fire to it.

His father said: "My son! Are you mad? Are you mad? You must not do that! That is the sacred book of the Christians." At this Sundar Singh went away in a passion; but all the while Jesus was speaking to his inner heart, just in the same way that He spoke to Saul, when he was on the road to Damascus.

Then Sundar became even more desperate. He was so troubled that he did not know what to do. Evidently he began to wonder whether the Christian

religion might not be true after all. He was just a boy, hardly more than fifteen years old. He said to himself, "I shall stay awake all night and pray to God to tell me what is the Truth. If I do not hear anything before the morning, I shall commit suicide; for I cannot bear this any longer."

There was a mail train that used to run by, every morning, at 5 o'clock. He said to himself: "If I don't find the truth this night, I shall throw myself under the mail train and get killed."

He was desperately in earnest about it, and all night he prayed. Up to a very early hour in the morning, even up to about 4 o'clock he heard no voice from God—no answer—and so he took a cold bath as was his custom. Then he dressed himself in white, and he was just about to go out of the house and wait for the mail train in order to throw himself under it in his desperation and be killed, when suddenly he saw a marvellous light. At first, he thought, the house was on fire,

because it seemed to him just like a great fire. He went to the door and looked. And there he saw Jesus.

When he told me this story, I asked him how he knew that it *was* Jesus. Sundar replied: "There was no question in my mind. I knew at once that it was Jesus."

Then I asked him to tell me what Jesus had said to him. Here again I will give it to you in his own language. He said to him: "I died on the Cross for you, why do you persecute ~~me~~?"

That was what Jesus said to Sundar Singh. Do you remember, when Saul heard a voice, Jesus said, in the Hebrew tongue: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute me?" He spoke almost the same words to Sundar Singh. Then Jesus went on to say: "I gave My life for you on the Cross. I died for you." Sundar told me: "I fell down at His feet."

Immediately, though it was still dark, Sundar went to his father. His father was asleep, but he woke him up and said:

"Father! Father! I am a Christian!" His father said: "My son! You are mad. You burnt that Christian book the other day and now you say you are a Christian." So his father said: "My son, you are dreaming." Then Sundar told his father the whole story, and the father could not believe him. But twenty years after, Sundar's father did believe, and himself became a Christian. At that time, however, his father was very angry and did everything he could to prevent his boy from going on with his new purpose. But in spite of every obstacle Sundar became a Christian at last.

Then, his one wish was to go up to the Himalayas across the highest snow mountains into Tibet. For he had heard that any one who preached about Jesus in Tibet would be put to death, and he longed to suffer even death for Christ's sake. He used to say: "Christ died for me, and I wish I could die for Him."

When I was with him in the mountains, he often used to stay all night in prayer.

He would go up to the hill top, and there he used to remain almost without sleep the whole night. In the morning he would come down and his face would be bright with the love of Christ.

Soon he went right into Tibet. This was one of the countries where the Christian religion was forbidden. So he suffered many persecutions. Once he was very nearly killed. He was thrown down into a dry well. He escaped and went back again and again. He loved Jesus so much that he was ready to do anything, if only he could show his love for his Master.

I must tell you one more story about him* before I close. Shoran Singha, who was an M. A. of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and one of my own pupils, was sleeping on the same verandah as the Sadhu. When he woke up in the middle of the night, he found that the Sadhu had gone out to pray. It was not unusual for him to go out in the night in this manner to spend the whole night in prayer. But just as Shoran was going back to bed, he

suddenly saw above him on the open ground a leopard, creeping along, ready to spring and kill the Sadhu. Shoran told me that he was so terrified that he could not even make a noise to shout to the Sadhu about his danger. But the leopard, instead of killing the Sadhu, lay down near him. The Sadhu put his hand on it, as much as to say: "Be quiet." Then the leopard slunk away. Shoran was amazed. The next morning he asked the Sadhu: "Did you know that a leopard came last night?" Sundar said: "Yes." Shoran asked: "Weren't you afraid?" Sundar said: "No! Why should I be frightened? God is with me."

If we had faith in God like that, would it not be a glorious thing? For this is what Christ meant when He said that faith could 'remove mountains'. That was a mountain of difficulty which the Sadhu was able to remove by faith.

On another night, he got up just after midnight and took a lantern. We asked him where he was going at such a time of night.

He said: "Someone is dying on other side of the valley, and I must go to see him." He took his staff and lantern and went right down the very steep mountain road to the valley and then up the other side. After about a week, he came back looking very tired. He told us how, at that time, when he heard the voice, there was a poor villager who was dying. The moment the Sadhu entered, the sick man said: "I knew that you would come here to see me." The man died in peace, and the Sadhu was with him when he died.

You may remember what I have told you this evening. For I knew Sundar Singh; and when you read about him you will recollect this account that I have given you. You may tell these stories to the children, in your schools; because children are always happy to hear stories of this kind.

But what does it mean for us? Does it not mean that you and I should have much more faith? Does it not mean

that we ought to pray much more truly and with more reality? Does it not also mean that we should love Christ far more sincerely? That is what Sadhu Sundar Singh's life means to me.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD

IF you look in your Tamil New Testament, I wonder whether the word "Good", in the phrase "I am the Good Shepherd", has also the meaning of "beautiful." Because the Greek word 'Kalos' has very definitely the meaning "noble, beautiful", as well as "good". We have a word in Bengali, "Sundor", which is exactly the right word. It describes the beautiful, noble and good. Perhaps you have the equivalent.

Now, if you will think it out, this thought of the *beauty* of goodness never reaches its highest point, until it is freed from the idea of law, or regulation, and even of duty, and becomes a thing of grace. And so we read "Grace and truth come through Jesus Christ." That word "Grace" has very clearly the idea of beauty about it. So St. Paul says: "We

are not under Law, but under Grace." This means, that in Christ we do things not under compulsion, but just because we love to do them; because we are free; because we have the sense both of love and freedom in all our actions. We act freely and spontaneously, instead of being compelled to do a thing owing to some outside pressure.

The early Christians called this sense of freedom and forgiveness by the new word 'joy'. This word in Greek comes from the same stem as the word 'grace'. They have the same root meaning. St. Paul said that the fruits of the Spirit are: "Love, Joy, and Peace."

I think that we can really test our own lives whether we are growing in grace by this very simple test. Do I find *joy* in Christ Jesus? When I think of Him; when I pray to Him; when I give my heart to Him; do I perform all these things with joy? Is there joy in it? For that itself is really the true sign of love. We may think to ourselves sometimes, anxiously

'Do I really love Jesus?' Well, one of the best tests of that is joy. Do my thoughts of Jesus bring joy with them? Or is there merely a sense of compulsion and duty?

Let me make still clearer the point from which I started. Joy always comes at the sight of beauty. When I see in the early morning a marvellously beautiful sky, with the clouds and mists of dawn all filled with light, it gives me joy, because of its beauty. Here, in this Ashram, we have a golden opportunity of learning that joy in beauty, because all round us there is beauty. This House of Prayer itself is very beautiful. All the buildings and the Hospital look very beautiful amid the trees with the hills in the background. Every day, I feel the joy of beauty in this place. But this loveliness of Nature, which is all round us, is only a dim picture of the heavenly Beauty. The wonder of Christ's love is this, that everything He did had a radiance about it, which still brings joy to us even when we think

about it. What He did was done in a beautiful way. Even today it gives us joy.

Look when He saw that poor widow woman casting her offering into the Treasury. Everybody else neglected her. But when Jesus saw her putting in two mites, which make a single pice, He noticed her at once and praised her with deep appreciation for that little deed of beauty.

Look again at that woman, who broke the precious alabaster box at the time when Jesus' heart was broken with suffering. Judas began to complain about it and said that the money might have been given to the poor. Judas called it 'waste'. But Jesus said that they must not blame her like that, for she had done a beautiful deed. It is the same Greek word, "Kalos".

Last of all, is there anything more beautiful than that word of Jesus on the Cross when He saw His mother and He looked down and said to His loved

disciple who was near Him: "Behold thy mother"? Thus He gave His mother to the beloved disciple who took her to his own home. Oh! the wonderful beauty of such a word as that,—a perfect word,—at the very last moment of His life. Even *then*, He thought of His mother, and He said that: "Behold thy Mother."

There is a verse in the Old Testament which is a prophecy,—“Thou shalt see the King in his beauty” (Isaiah 33, 17). If we can see our King, Jesus, in his beauty, then our souls will be satisfied.

In South India, at Dohnavur, there is one dear lady who in her suffering has given this great gift of beauty and joy to India by her books. Her name is Amy Carmichael. You can read in all her books how marvellously she loves Jesus and how she has seen the vision of the King in His beauty.

So, each morning, as we come to the Good Shepherd and listen to His voice,

let us do it with joy. Let us receive from Him a vision of joy and peace. Let us say over to ourselves quietly the words :

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Then we shall ourselves become changed. All that beauty, that joy, that brightness of the Love of Jesus, will be reflected in our faces. *

Those Apostles, when they were filled with joy, in those first days of the Church, went out into Jerusalem; and the Jewish people who saw them " marvelled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus". The real reason why they took knowledge of them was because they saw the joy, the beauty, the love of Jesus, reflected in their faces. That was a witness which all could understand.

Think what a glorious thing it would be, if whenever we went into the Christukula

hospital for our daily work, or to the school for our school work, or to meet our brothers and sisters here in the Ashram—every one could see reflected in our faces the light of joy that showed how we have been with Jesus in the early morning.

There was one saintly Christian in England whom I knew. One day, in a village, an old woman was sitting at the door, doubled up with rheumatism and in great pain, and as he came and greeted her and said: "Good Morning", she said in return: "Lord bless you, Sir, it does me good to see you, because you've got 'the look of Jesus in your face.'" He said very very humbly, almost in a whisper: "Thank you my dear, thank you my dear!" and then he prayed a prayer with her to thank Jesus for His love.

That is the way to preach the Gospel; that is the way to make the love of Christ known in the world. Far, far more than what we say, and far more even than what we do, is what we are. Only the

heart can instinctively devise, in a moment, the beautiful deed with grace, and say instinctively the beautiful word with grace. That is why Jesus was able to give us that most perfect of all His sayings: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He could give us that word, because His own heart was pure.

THE STORY OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

WE are to have as our guests during the week-end the teachers from Salem High School, who are coming* over specially to take part with us in a quiet retreat. Before they arrive, I would like to say a word about one of the first duties of an Ashram, namely, hospitality. Wherever our Ashram spirit rules, there is an unwritten law that the hospitality of the Ashram is open to all guests who come to us and wish to share our religious life. At Santiniketan, it was a rule laid down by Maharshi himself that any friends, or strangers, who wished to come for a quiet retreat to the spot where he had found his own peace of soul, should be regarded as guests of the Ashram and allowed to stay as long as they wished in order to continue their life of meditation and prayer.

This was also the rule of those Ashrams in Western Europe in the Middle Ages,

which we call "Monasteries". During those earlier times of violence and bloodshed, these monasteries were centres of peace and prayer in the midst of a world at strife. In Yorkshire, in the north of England, you can still see a drawing on the wall of an old Monastery, which is now in ruins, where the abbot, or head of the monastery, with his monks has gone out to meet one who is clothed in rags and piteously poor. As they meet this stranger they bow their heads and worship Christ, who is personally present. On the wall are written the words: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Let us, therefore, during the coming days welcome our guests from Salem, as if we were welcoming Christ Himself into our midst; and in everything we do to them, let us remember what Christ Himself has said to us: "In as much ye did it unto the least of one of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

I would like to tell you very briefly this evening the story of St. Christopher,

and how he found Christ in a stranger, who came to him in a very wonderful way.

Christopher was a man of very great strength and height who had heard in the North of Europe that the greatest king in all the world was called "Christ". He came down to Rome to find him. One day he entered a Church. He heard a voice telling him to go to the bank of a certain river and give service to every stranger who came to the ford. He was to take them across on his shoulders through the water. If they offered him money, he was to refuse it and say: "I am doing this for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, my King."

Christopher did this, year after year, without any outward result. Then, one night, there came such a storm in the darkness as he had never known before. The rain came down in torrents and the river was swollen right up to the hut on its banks where Christopher lived. As he sat in his hut before the fire, he said to

himself: "I hope that no one will come to the ford to-night."

Just then he heard outside a child-like voice, saying: "Christopher take me across the ford to-night." He answered: "Come into my hut, tonight, and warm yourself by the fire; and I will take you across tomorrow when the storm has abated." The voice said to Christopher: "Take me across to-night, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ."

At that word, Christopher opened the door, and said: "For His sake I will dare death itself." To his surprise, he saw in front of him a little child, dressed in white. He said: "Oh, my little child, come into the hut and keep out of the rain and the cold. Let me take you across tomorrow." But the child said: "Take me tonight, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Christopher took the child on his shoulder, and went into the river, and sank deeper and deeper in the water until he felt himself being carried away by the

flood. Then he cried out : "Lord Jesus, help me, and save this little child from drowning."

The next moment, his foot reached the ground beneath the water and he struggled up the bank. After that, since he was entirely exhausted by his great effort, he fainted away and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he saw in front of him, not a little child dressed in white, but the Lord Jesus Christ Himself clad in a shining raiment, who said to him : "Christopher, in as much as you did this to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it unto Me."

Then Christopher went from land to land preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, his King, and before he died, every one knew him to be a saint; for he had found the Lord Jesus.

It may be that this very week, some of us in the Ashram may find the Lord Jesus while we are doing acts of courtesy towards those who are coming to us as our guests.

A STORY ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA

I WAS once in America, in New York City, when a cable came from the Indian community in South Africa asking me to go over to help them; but I was with Rabindranath Tagore at the time and he was very ill. So I went to him and said: "I cannot go to South Africa and leave you."

He said: "No, you *must* leave me, Charlié, and go to South Africa; for they need you more than I do."

Then, another cable came from South Africa, and Tagore said: 'You see, you *must* leave me here and go and help in South Africa.' And so I embarked on board a steamer for Southampton intending to go on to Capetown from there. When I crossed the sea, there was a hurricane blowing; and for five days we were blown about by the wind. I was not a good sailor, and so I had sea-sickness all the way across. Those were days of great

suffering for me; for I had influenza at the same time and my mind was unhappy also. When I reached England at last there were only three days, before I had to start on another steamer for South Africa. The date was December 11th. I remember it well. It was bitterly cold, wintry weather in England, and I was feeling very ill and not at all fit to take the voyage.

On the day before I sailed, Mrs Whyte, who was very old in years but young in spirit, said to me: "Come to the Group meeting at Oxford, and God will help you by our prayers on your voyage." So I went up to the Oxford Group meeting, feeling very ill, and hardly able to listen to what was said. But when my turn came at last to speak, I asked ~~them~~ very earnestly to pray for me and for this difficult task in front of me in South Africa. They all promised to do so, and gave me a wonderfully warm farewell. So I went away with a lighter heart.

When I reached the ship the next day, to my joy I found many loving telegrams

awaiting me, telling me that they would pray for me all through the voyage. What was more cheering still, when I got near to Cape Town, I received while still on the sea many wireless messages from Oxford Group friends in South Africa telling me that they would meet me when I landed. Cables had been sent out to them from England. The ship got in at 5 o'clock, very early in the morning; and when the gangway was opened for visitors at about half-past six, there were many of the Oxford Group members who had come down to the wharf to give me a welcome.

The trouble there was exactly the same trouble that is now facing us in South Africa today. The Government was about to pass a new Segregation Bill; but I received much help from those who were praying for me and also help from the Dutch people in South Africa who knew me. So when we went to the Government and asked for the postponement of this Bill they consented, and thus instead of the Bill being passed into law that very session

it was postponed; and even up to the present day, it has not yet been passed. I truly believe that only the power of united prayer and trust in God could accomplish that!

That was ten years ago, and all through those ten years this Bill has never yet been passed. Today it is again being threatened by the South African Union Government, and we need once more to pray and have faith in God that the Bill may be postponed as in the past. Already an Interim Bill has been passed into law by the Government during the last month; but the real Bill, which would do all the mischief and damage if it was passed, is threatened either next year or the year after, and that is what we all have to try to prevent. As we seek with all our moral force to do this, we must remember that God alone can effect a change of heart to postpone it once more. It is not unlikely that if my own health is restored, as I hope it will be, I shall have to go again to Africa on this

very question; but whether that happens or not, we should at once seek to study all the facts and understand the situation, and then to pray that God in His almighty power will prevent this thing happening in our own time.

[*The outbreak of War seems likely to bring about the postponement which we desire.—C. F. A.*]

CHRIST AND CAESAR

IT has often been stated that Jesus had nothing to do with 'politics', or even with 'economics'. In defence of this, it is pointed out that when a covetous man came to Him and said: "Lord, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me," Jesus answered: "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" (Luke, 12; 14.) It is argued that He thus left politics entirely on one side and concentrated on the inward things of religion. The more I study the Gospels, the less satisfactory I find such an answer to be. It represents a profound misreading of the Gospel, and its wide currency has been a fruitful cause of mischief. For it has given rise to an opinion, held by many good people, that Christians can retire from the world into the inner life of the soul and make no decision about those objective acts of right and wrong.

which are always going on among men. If Christ Himself had taken that view, He would never have been crucified.

The easiest way to show the fallacy of this argument, with regard to Jesus, is to point to the fact that the Sadducees and Pharisees had, to a very great extent, the political rule of the Jewish people in their own hands. They directed the 'politics' of Israel. Yet the severest of all His condemnations were uttered against them, just because not only in religious matters, but also in all kinds of social and political affairs, they were leading the people astray. They were blind leaders of the blind. Jesus mingled with people and took up their cause in matters of first rate importance against these rulers until they all combined against Him. Thus in every modern sense of the word, His work and ministry had a political as well as a social and economic bearing. The very phrase "the Kingdom of God" is obviously social. Such a Kingdom could never be

established merely by isolated individuals leading their own solitary lives.

It would be quite impossible to regard Jesus as one who stood outside the affairs of the nation, and merely uttered denunciations in solitude from afar. Rather, it was because He would not leave the national life of His people alone, but pointed out the dangers which were already confronting His own people in the near future, that at last the Pharisees joined hands with the Sadducees and Herodians in getting the Roman Governor, Pilate, to put Him to death.

There is no more pathetic utterance than the cry of Jesus over His own nation, when He saw Jerusalem and wept over it: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say

unto you: Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt. 23; 37-39.)

It is very strange that this idea of Jesus, 'as a solitary individual, speaking only of the things of the private inner life, and leaving everything social and national out of court, has ever risen at all. It is true, indeed, that He refused from the very first to enter into the *intrigues* of politics, or to become a party leader, in the sordid sense of the word, employing sordid means whereby to gain national ends. That temptation in the wilderness was put aside 'with the sternest word of all: "Get thee behind me Satan". Throughout His whole ministry He refused to become an accessory to any political device which would mean the use of violence or untruth. But all this is quite a different thing from the suggestion that He never dwelt on the great political issue of justice and injustice in His teaching. For

these are the very foundation of all true national life, and about these matters, He has given us the strongest and clearest precepts. The Sermon on the Mount, with its high ethical note and its absolute standards, is the greatest of all His teachings, not only with regard to the inner conduct of any private person, but also with regard to the social intercourse of individuals with one another in the life of the Nation.

Let us be quite clear, then, that what we do in public affairs, i.e., in relation to war and peace, to race and empire, to capital and labour, to business and commerce, comes before His own severe and searching gaze and has to be finally judged by His standard. There could be no more dangerous state of things today, than to confine Christian morality to the individual man and woman, and let society go to the dogs. Jesus says: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness (justice)." Such a command cannot be fulfilled unless society itself is changed as well as the private individual.

One more word, Jesus was emphatic in His teaching that all true change must begin with the individual, and that no outward improvements are of any value unless the inner change precedes them. But when the inner change has already come, then there is always the immediate need to embody it in an outward and visible form, and so make it permanent. The process is from within outward. That process is never complete, until the true outward form has also been reached as well as the inner principle.

THE BEAUTY OF SOUTH INDIA

I HAVE made a new discovery this year. It is this. The South of India has a beauty of its own that is like no other part of Asia I have ever seen. It is now very nearly forty years since I first came out to India, but during all that time I had only been able to pay flying visits to the South. Twice I came with the poet, Rabindranath Tagore; twice I was sent, on a very urgent and important commission, by Mahatma Gandhi. But in all these four visits my mind was preoccupied with other things and I did not stay long in one place.

But this year, and last year, at Tirupattur in North Arcot and also in the Nilgiris, I have been able to spend many months in the South. On both occasions I have been engaged in trying to get back to normal health, away from the extreme

damp of the Hills in the North of India during monsoon time, and I have found here the climate I needed. Along with better health I have found something else, namely, Beauty.

Both in the Nilgiris, and also at this lower level, at Tirupattur, the beauty that I have seen, both of the sky and of the earth, has been soothing and at the same time elevating. It has also given me something of that inward peace which I so much needed, after the overstrain of illness and shattered nerves. Here at Tirupattur, on the flat roof where I have my bed at night, both in the early morning, while the dawn breaks in all its glory, and again, at eventide, when the sun sets, and night comes on with its stars, there is joy in Nature which often reminds me of Santiniketan in Bengal. At the same time, there is a difference. For there is a homely tenderness down here in the South, which I have often tried to understand, and now have partly succeeded.

All this natural beauty has fashioned the family life of the South. It has given a joy and a tenderness to the simple pleasures of the home. It is easy to see, for instance, what a place the new-born baby has in the household and what a wealth of love is poured out upon it.

There are hindrances as well as advantages in a climate such as this in the South, where the heat is much more enervating than it is in the North. The slackness which comes with continual heat all the year round is often apparent, and it touches not only the physical, but also the moral fibre. This can be seen even in the temple architecture, where the luxuriant growth of ornament is like the luxuriant growth of vegetation. It can also be seen in the proneness to superstition, which refuses to cut away the rank weeds of religion and thus allows them to poison and stifle the purer and more healthy growth. Such evils as untouchability and the *devadasi* system have to be cut away with the strong hand of

the reformer and no amount of conservative tradition must be allowed to hinder the reform. I have seen the overgrowth of superstition here in the South, which has no beauty in it at all.

But here, in the Ashram, I need not speak of these things, because both in your hospital and in your day and night schools you are seriously engaged in a work, which, by its pure humanity, with no distinction of caste or creed, must cut away the roots of this overgrowth of weeds. You are able, therefore, to receive the impress of this beauty, in some of its purest forms.

Here you will have Christ Himself as your example and your Guide. For in every word that He uttered He had the soul of Beauty. Not only when He tells us to consider the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, but also in His love for all those hidden beauties of life,—the joy, and innocence of childhood; the tender last word on the Cross to His own mother; the royal word of forgiveness even to his

murderers; His joy in the one Heavenly Father who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,"—all these, and a thousand other beauties, shine forth from His perfect character in each word He utters.

In keeping with the beauty around you in Nature, you have built, in South Indian fashion, in the Christukula, a house of prayer and worship. Every time I come into it for prayer and meditation, its stately dignity grows upon me. It is so entirely in keeping with its surroundings. May I impress upon you the need, while your Ashram is still young, of planting every year more and more suitable trees, which may give the coolness of their shade and green foliage to the Ashram itself. A grove of trees, as we see in ancient Sanskrit literature, was always the accompaniment of an Ashram. They will be entirely in keeping with your present buildings, and at the same time make the daily walks to and fro from one building to another a pleasure and a joy.

There is a verse in the Psalms which sums up all I have been saying, where it says: "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." It goes on to add: "Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him." For the awe of God, which should be deepest in our hearts, should not be the awe of fear, but the awe of love.

THE DIFFICULTY OF PRAYER

THE question is often put to me by those who are beginning to think out things for themselves : "What is the use of praying to God to grant us certain things when He Himself is all-wise and all-powerful, and also knows much better, than we do exactly what is good for us? Why should we not leave everything in His hands, and instead of praying to Him, spend our time in quiet meditation?"

The answer is really very simple. Indeed, the simpler we make it the better. For, if we depend on logic in such a matter as this, we are certain to become confused and lose our way. We must always be like little children, if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Let me give my answer in the form of another question. If any one is the father of an extremely dear child, whose love was all in all to him, would he be happy

if the child never brought to him any question to be answered, and never made to him any requests, however foolish sometimes they might be? Is it good, either for the child or for the father, to have only distant relations with each other.

Surely not. The essence of relationship of the father to the child is one of complete dependence on the part of the child. That dependence is really and truly, if I may say so, a form of perpetual prayer. The child, because of its love for the father, will go to him with every single thing, knowing that the father's love will respond to the heart of the child. That is prayer in its essence. It implies trust and dependence. Its very meaning is faith, and Jesus often uses the word 'faith' and the word 'prayer' as almost exactly synonymous. He says in one passage that prayer can remove mountains of difficulty, and in another passage He uses the word 'faith' instead of prayer. Faith, trust, dependence—these represent the attitude of the child to the father. The word 'prayer', which

we use, includes them all. Sometimes it is actually called the prayer of faith. Jesus says' to us: "When ye pray, believe that ye have the things ye ask," thus joining prayer and faith together.

When Jesus gives us the pattern prayer, called the 'Lord's Prayer', we have to follow the order of the petitions. We must not begin, for instance, by asking things for ourselves. We first pray that, in everything, God's will may be done. If, therefore, the thing that we ask for is *not* God's will, we really pray that our own will may be conformed to His. Christ Himself, in the Garden of Gethsemane, prayed: "Father if it be possible, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

There is one further answer to the question with which I started that ought to be entirely convincing. We know that Jesus lived the most perfect life on earth. He was the perfect Son of the Father. If, therefore, prayer had not been necessary for every human living, He at least

might have done without it. But, on the contrary, we see that His whole life was one long prayer to His heavenly Father. At every moment, He looked up to ask His Father to tell Him what to do, and to learn from Him what was the true answer to the longing of His own heart.

There is another form of petition, called Intercession, which implies prayers not for ourselves, but for others. Here again, the analogy of the little child and its father is perfect. For it is the most natural thing in the world for a child to bring to the father not only its own needs, but also the needs of those who are play-mates and friends. If the child's heart is very tender and it sees a friend suffering, surely the first thing that will happen is that this burden of suffering, which the child feels, will be brought to the father—and that is Intercession.

With regard to Thanksgiving, which should always be an accompaniment of prayer, the answer to the question raised at the beginning of this talk is even

simpler still. Thanksgiving is the child's joy and happiness at the gift which the father gives; it also represents the outpouring of the child's love for the father's goodness.

So then, whether prayer means petition, or intercession, or thanksgiving, the analogy of the child and the father holds good. It is the easiest and simplest way of solving the mystery of prayer. Of course, the mystery still remains; indeed, it is one of the greatest of all in human life. But prayer to God, however difficult to explain, is one of the key-notes of our freedom. It means that God has made our wills free. As Tennyson has said so concisely:

Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

If we were merely mechanical toys, it would, indeed, be stupid for us to pray. But just because we have this great mystery of freedom in our own wills given to us by God, we have also the privilege of prayer.

Don't let us become too bound by logic in thinking out this subject, because free will is a mystery which even the greatest logicians have never been able to solve. Let us rather enter that kingdom of heaven, which prayer denotes, with a child-like mind remembering the words of our Lord, when He said : "Except ye humble yourselves, as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven."

EXCLUSIVENESS

THERE is one danger which threatens a small community such as that of the Indian Christians, which is set in the midst of very much larger numbers of those who are not Christian. The natural tendency is to become narrow and exclusive in order to keep its own individuality. This has to be carefully avoided.

We can see this with the Jews themselves, who were surrounded by great empires such as Babylon and Egypt. Their tendency was to attempt, by outward means, a strict conformity within their own boundary, so that they might not be swallowed up by these other people. The Prophets of the Old Testament had continually to utter their protests against such a narrowing of the divine ideas which they put forward. Indeed, again and again, the Prophets broke through

these narrow boundaries and looked forward to a spiritual kingdom where no such limitations were present. Jesus Christ was even more emphatic than the earlier prophets in breaking through such restrictions. The greatest conflict of His life was with the Pharisees, who wished to impose rigid, legal ordinances in order to keep themselves separate from the Gentiles. But Jesus refused to obey these. When we study His life in detail, we are struck at once by His large-heartedness. He went far beyond His disciples, who were bound by conventions.

For instance, when he was rejected by the Samaritans, who refused to receive Him into their village, James and John wished to call down fire from heaven and consume them as Elijah had done. But He turned and rebuked them and said: "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

On every occasion, where this narrowness showed itself, Jesus rose above it. He led the way forward, beyond the ordinary man-made law, to the wider

outlook. With the Roman Centurion, He was at once at ease because he had such faith and trust. Instead of rejecting him as a 'Gentile', He healed his servant with a word of power and said: "Verily I have not seen such faith, no, not in Israel."

We ourselves, in our outlook as Christians here in India, need to share in this large-heartedness of Jesus, our Master. We often meet those who are of a different religion from ourselves. We must welcome their love and faith, and in no way turn away from them and narrow all our interests down to the little Christian community to which we belong. This does not mean that we should in any way weaken our Christian faith, or look upon Christ our Master merely as one of the prophets. We hold Him to be far above all the prophets. We regard Him, in His perfect love, as the visible image of the invisible God. But just because God is love, and Christ is the image of God, we must never confine the bounds of His

love; for thus we should be degrading God's love itself into something which is not love at all.

When we turn to the great Apostle Paul and watch the development of his character, we see how much wider his love became as he grew old until at last in one of his later letters he uttered the great words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. 4. 8.)

This is the true Christian attitude; and we, who are still young in the Christian Faith, must in no way make our own outlook less wide than that of Christ, our Lord and Master. For the law of God's Kingdom, in things great, as well as small, is this: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake the same shall save it." (Matt. 10. 39.)

INDIANS IN FIJI

IN the story of Bishop Patteson's martyrdom, I have mentioned the Fiji Islands, as they were a hundred years ago, when murder and cannibalism and witchcraft and all kinds of degrading superstitions were continually practised. I have also said something about the marvellous change which has come over these Islands since they have received the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. One of the most popular of all the delegates at the International Missionary Conference at Tambaram, last December, was a very able speaker, whom I had met many years ago in Fiji, a Fijian Christian, who contributed in a most thoughtful manner to our discussions.

The Christian community has kept its own very beautiful Fijian language as the medium of all its worship and its

education. It has kept also the music, which Fijians have been wont to sing in the past, now set to the Christian hymns in Church and sung by wonderfully rich voices. About that I have already spoken. I only wish that all of you here could listen to it, as I have done!

More than seventy years ago, the planters of Fiji, who were Europeans, asked the Indian Government to send over shiploads of agricultural labourers from India, under indenture, just as they had already done to South Africa and British Guiana. A few years later, this was accomplished, and many thousands of Indians were transported, thousands of miles away across the sea, to an entirely unknown land. The recruitment was usually carried on by fraud, and recruiters were paid so much per head for each man and woman who was brought to the Depot at Matiabruz, in Calcutta. A higher price was paid for a woman than a man; for it was

much more difficult to recruit a woman. The ships were allowed to sail for Fiji only when a proportion of one woman to three men had been obtained. The immorality caused by such a system ought to have been obvious, and those who devised it must bear the blame.

The villagers who were enticed to go out were too frightened to refuse when the time came at last to embark. They felt themselves trapped and were helpless. As soon as they came to Fiji, they were divided up among the planters, who paid them a miserable sum per week for what was really semi-slavery; for they had no right to change their masters during the five years of indenture. They were put in prison if they tried to escape, or run away. How such a system went on in modern times for so long, without being brought to an end, no one seems now to understand.

When I went over to Fiji, in 1915 and 1917, no Government officer really defended this indenture system; for every one knew

what abuses were happening under it. Yet it had lingered on for more than fifty years in Fiji, and for much longer still in British Guiana and other places.

It is not possible to describe the utterly immoral conditions which it produced. These finally brought it to an end but not without a tremendous agitation, in which Mahatma Gandhi had to threaten to offer *Satyagraha* in India, if it continued.

What should this mean to 'us, as Christians? Surely it completely destroys the idea, which is in some people's minds even today, that Christianity is a purely 'spiritual' religion, having nothing 'whatever to do with political affairs. Here, was a definitely political issue. Yet, how could any one, who had heard the voice of Jesus, saying, "I was sick, I was in prison," refuse to answer His call? For "in their afflictions, He was afflicted". In every one of those poor and distressed Indians, bound down to servile labour in the plantations, under these immoral

conditions, He, the Son of Man, was suffering. It was all "done unto Him".

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows bears a part.
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

Thus it was Jesus who appealed to us, by the constraining power of His love to bring all this evil to an end. It was His love that made those who took up the cause of abolition determine never to lay it down till the whole system was ended. Thank God! This was accomplished at last on January 1st, 1920.

Let me now show you what a change has taken place, since indenture was abolished. In the year 1936, I went back to Fiji after an absence of nearly twenty years, and fifteen years after the abolition of the evil. The difference that I saw there was amazing! It was as if some great weight had been lifted, and people were breathing freely again. The evil system had been wiped out, including all its immoral effects. Men and women were beginning eagerly.

to build up their homes again, with new freedom and joy. No sight could be a happier one than that of the little children, clean and tidy, going to school, with bright faces, instead of the miserable and dirty children in what used to be called: 'The Coolie Lines.'

While, therefore, it is a fact that every permanent remedy for social evils *must* begin from within, and have its motive power in the heart; and while it is certain, in this sense, that Christ's words are eternally true, when He says: "The Kingdom of God is *within* you," yet at the same time, it may be possible, by removing some disease from the 'body politic, to give free play for these inner forces so that they regain control, and drive out the rest of the evil from the body. Such a cancerous growth was slavery, a century ago; and such was the Indian indentured labour system, which supplied the British Colonies with Indian labour, under immoral conditions, in our own age.

If we watch our Lord Jesus Christ as He went on His way to heal Jairus's daughter, we can see how He took care to remove the outward hindrances as well as the inner want of faith. The loud noise of wailing and lamenting had to 'cease. Jairus himself had to be reassured. When the maid arose and the healing had begun, Jesus commanded that some food should be given her to eat. Thus the outward and the inward forces both played their part; and so it is in all social and moral improvements.

Here, in the Ashram, not only must there be the good cheer and the word of prayer and the power of faith in everything we do in the Hospital for our patients, but there must also be the skilled surgeon's hand and the active co-operation of the ward nurses and all who are responsible for outward cleanliness and pure nourishing food. The outward and the inward work together.

We owe, then, to these brothers and sisters overseas, in Fiji and elsewhere, our

loving sympathy and prayers. In South Africa while new evils of the Colour Bar have arisen, we must not forget the good that has been done also. There is hope now, where things were hopeless before. Let us thank God for that!

THE ASHRAM MOVEMENT

TO-NIGHT, I want to speak specially about the Ashram ideal as a movement. Let me put before you a thought on this subject which, perhaps, very few of us have ever thought of.

You all have heard with great joy that a new Ashram has now been founded near Jaffna, at Chunnakam, and that we, as an Ashram, have been able to join with them in that beginning. That is a very great joy to us. I have just been hearing all about what has happened in Jaffna, and it is very inspiring to think that this movement has now spread to Ceylon and found a home there.

Now the thought, which is a *new* thought to me, is this, that India may give this Ashram ideal, not merely to Ceylon, but to the Christian Church in the West,—to England, Scotland, Europe and America. For the Ashram is really

something that was born in India, thousands of years ago, and even though so many changes have taken place, it has continually sprung up again into a new life. To-day, the West is going through the most terrible crisis of suffering and even as we are sitting here, we do not know whether a new world war may break out at any moment. What is the underlying reason? Surely it is because we have not yet found fully our rest and peace in Christ, who is the Prince of Peace. What a wonderful thing it would be if the Indian Christian Church could offer some greatly needed gift to the West! May not the Ashram Movement be one way to do so?

Up to the present, almost everything has been in the other direction. The West has been sending Missionaries to India. Colleges have been founded, Hospitals have been established. What a beautiful thing it would be, if now India could give to the West one of its own treasures!

When I was in Australia, the young students and teachers came to me again and again and said: "Tell us about India, because we want to get something into our lives of that quiet rest and peace which we believe India can give. I said to them: "Some of you ought to come to India and visit our Ashrams and some of us ought to go out to Australia and explain to you about them."

I am quite certain that if that could happen, if one from this Ashram, for instance, could go to Australia,—there would be a remarkable response.

Let me give you another instance. At Tambaram, one of the delegates from Scotland, Dr. G. Macleod, asked for a special meeting, because he wanted to learn from the Indians present all about the Ashram Movement. Dr. Jesudason from Tirupattur gave a very beautiful account of it. Afterwards there were so many questions that the meeting could hardly be brought to an end. You see, the time is now ripe in the West. They

want to learn from the Indian Church something about the Ashram ideal, so that they may introduce it into their own country.

But I must go on to another point, which is equally important. Does not this desire of the West to learn about the Ashram movement bring upon us a very great responsibility? Does it not make us feel, that here we have a serious work to do which must be done in Christ's name?

We cannot go out and tell about the Ashram Movement unless we believe in it and are practising it ourselves. So my second point is this, that you and I ought seriously to search our own hearts and see if we cannot put more of the spirit of Christ into our own Christukula Ashram, here, in Tirupattur. We have called this Ashram the "Christukula", the 'Family of Christ'. In a family, every member takes his own part in the common life. That means that every single member has to represent the Ashram spirit. Each

one of us must try, both to live the Ashram life and also to keep up the Ashram ideal. Are we doing this?

Let us then, to-night, think out together these two things:—

(1) Can we not send from the Ashrams of India, a message of friendly greeting to other countries?

(2) If that thought is in our minds, we must make our own Ashram more full, of the Spirit of Christ, which is the Spirit of Love.

THE A. B. C. OF ASHRAM LIFE

TONIGHT I want to carry further this question of the Ashram and to point out some of the serious difficulties and dangers of the Ashram life.

Yesterday I told you how in Australia and New Zealand and other countries of the West there is a great longing for quiet and peace amid the rush of modern life. I also said how people out there felt that India had something to offer to them in this direction. They wanted to know more about India.

But when we actually live in an Ashram like this, we begin to find that this quiet and peace of soul about which we speak to others is not so easy to maintain. The one thing above all others that we have to avoid at all cost is merely to receive the name of 'Ashram' without having the inner spirit. For this would be to make profession to others while not practising what we profess.

Sometimes, in Australia, when they spoke to me about India, and how peaceful India was compared with their own country, I felt almost ashamed to think how little yet we have learned that true peace of soul. The first thing of all, if we live in an Ashram like this, is to be very humble. We must not think anything of ourselves. Christ laid more stress on humility than on all the other virtues, because He knew how hard it is to be truly humble. Let us think of two or three instances. Christ took a little child and said: "Except ye be humble as this little child, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Again He said: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." The one thing He tells us to learn from Him is humility. That is the hardest lesson of all.

On the night of His betrayal, He took the bowl of water and washed His disciples' feet, and said: "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I, then, the Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to

wash one another's feet." (John 13. 14.) Therefore, let us remember that though in our Ashrams we have truly a great ideal, a great principle, that is thousands of years old nevertheless in this Ashram of ours, as a way of life, we have not learnt it even yet. We have only learnt the A. B. C. of it. Here is, perhaps, the first lesson we have to learn, to be always humble, taking the lowest place; not to think anything of ourselves but to think always about God.

The first lesson, therefore, that we should learn is that the Ashram life has this great opportunity of silence and quiet and being alone with God. In the crowded quarters of a city, it is difficult for any one to enter into his inner chamber and shut the door and pray to his Father in secret. But here it should not be difficult. There are great advantages given us every day, and we have a golden opportunity of living that life of prayer wherein we may learn more of Christ's great humility.

The next lesson that we have to learn is this, that in our quiet time we should seek more and more to love Christ as our Friend. We can find Him near to us, and we can know His loving presence with us in those times of quiet. That is the most important thing for us to learn. And then, when we come out of our silence and have the joy of the love of Christ in our hearts, we shall be able to manifest this love in all our work.

This love should be witnessed also in our friendships with one another. Here in the Ashram we are not alone. We are in a family, and in that family we bring our love of Christ right into our daily lives. The whole family will share that love and feel that joy in the daily companionship.

No one can ever be the real friend of Jesus Christ without wanting to be friends with those who are all around him. The friendship of Jesus must go out from us to others. It is never a selfish friendship, but in every way unselfish.

Last of all, we should go on further, as I have said before, to bring, that love, that friendship, that joy in 'Jesus Christ, into the Hospital, to our patients, to all who work there, to all who are 'in pain. We should bring it into our Day Schools, to those who are our pupils; and also into the Night Schools to those whom we serve there.

Thus if every day is begun, continued and ended in Christ, and the whole of each day is spent in His loving service, then this Ashram of ours will have a very real message to give to others, not the message of ourselves but of Christ. We shall not consider ourselves in anything we do. The joy will be, that Christ here has shown His light and has become manifest to others.

BISHOP WESTCOTT OF DURHAM

TONIGHT I am going to take you to England and talk to you about one of the saints of God whom I knew and loved there. I have mentioned already the heroic life of Sadhu Sundar Singh, and the calm, quiet character of Susil Rudra. Now let me tell you about one whom I knew in my childhood in England.

His name was Bishop Foss Westcott, and he sent out four of his own sons to India, to make known in this country the good news of Jesus Christ. First about his sons. The eldest one of the four, Arthur, lived in South India for a very long time until he was obliged to go home on account of ill-health. He died in England. The second, George, became Bishop of Lucknow and lived for many years as a dearly loved friend of the Indian people. He passed away at Allahabad only a short time ago. The

youngest, named Basil, was my own dearest friend at College in Cambridge. He came out to Delhi and died of cholera. His death showed great nobility of character. For while he was himself in ill-health, he went to visit a cholera patient, and sat with him giving him comfort. Then he went back very tired. The next day he was attacked by cholera and quickly succumbed to the disease.

It was Basil's death that brought me out to India, in order to take his place at Delhi. Thus the death of my dearest College friend was the cause of my coming out to this country.

The one son, who is still living today, is the Bishop of Calcutta, Foss Westcott. He has spent a long and faithful life of service in India and has loved this country with all his heart. It was my great privilege to be with him in Delhi, in 1924, when Mahatma Gandhi was fasting for 21 days. He was then of very great help to us all in spiritual ways. Again, at the beginning of the present year, I

had the further joy of being with him at Santiniketan and introducing him to Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore. The latter said to me, after the Bishop had left, that he had rarely met any one who had so impressed him in a short time, and who so appreciated the work he had tried to do and understood it so well.

Now let me tell you about their father, Bishop Westcott of Durham, in England. I had the joy of living with him during the long holidays each summer when he used to take his quiet rest at a place called Robin Hood's Bay. Basil and I used to stay with the Bishop. He was very simple in his habits. He spent most of his morning in quiet study. We were very fortunate because every afternoon he would go for a walk and invite us to join him; and so we used to talk with him and he would tell us his own thoughts. One of the most remarkable things was this, that though he was such a great scholar in England, his heart seemed to be in India. He knew a great

deal about India and he read all the best Indian books of religion. He studied them in a profound manner. Indeed I think, he would himself have gone out to India, if it had been possible for him to do so ; and because it was not possible, he sent out all his four sons in his place.

He had one commanding idea, that somewhere in India there should be an Ashram, which should be entirely devoted to the study of Indian religious thought, in order that by research it might be made known where was the true meeting place between the religions of India and the Christian faith. The Ashram has not yet been established. But when the Cambridge Mission was started at Delhi, chiefly through Dr. Westcott's influence, it was intended that this was to be the main object of the Mission. Even today the project has not been abandoned. We have still a hope that it may be brought to pass in the future.

Let me now tell you a little about the Bishop's character. First of all, he had

an extraordinary power of prayer, and while he prayed he seemed to be completely taken up into the divine presence. Then he was rather silent in company with others. He would listen, but he would speak very little. The reason of this was not that he was unsociable, but that he was absorbed in the thought of God. God was in all his thoughts, and so even when others were speaking he would be thinking about God. Above all, he was the champion of the poor. He was always most deeply interested in finding out how the Christian Faith could solve the social and economic troubles of the poor people. Though he was a scholar and a man of books and learning, he would still seek every occasion to meet the poor, and to deal practically with the problems of their lives. He was the President of the Christian Social Union.

One other point I would like to mention. He made clear to us that our Christian religion must include the *whole* of our lives. We must not simply be Christians

in Church, but Christians in everything we do, and what he preached he practised. At Cambridge, where he was 'the most learned scholar, when he came into the lecture room and found the young students making a noise, before he began the lecture he would pause with such stillness that the room would become at once quiet and hushed. When everything was absolutely still he would say: 'Let us pray'. Then he would offer with all his heart a prayer to God. Of all those I have met in my own country he was the greatest saint that I have ever known.

THE WAY OF PRAYER

LET us take for our meditation the sixth verse of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. It comes in our Lord's words about prayer. He says:—

• “When thou prayest, enter into thy inner chamber, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee.”

This is Christ's own definition of prayer, and every word is important. The first thing I want you to notice about it is that it commends to us solitude,—the attitude of one who retires from everything else to meet God quietly alone. Let me quote it once more: “But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy inner chamber and shut the door and pray to thy Father which is in secret and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee.” The word “openly” had been added in our old

version, but that is wrong. It should be simply "will recompense thee".

The first need, then, for communion with God is quiet solitude. There must be nothing outward or ostentatious about prayer. Jesus contrasts this, which was *His* way of prayer, with that of the hypocrites, who loved to be seen at their prayers, in order that they might get the praise of men. They *had* their reward. They wanted the world's praise, and they got it. But they had no praise from God, who searches the secrets of the heart.

Let me explain one or two words in this definition of prayer. First of all, the words: "Enter into thy inner chamber and shut the door," are a direct quotation from the Prophet Isaiah, where he pictures a stormy struggle going on outside, and says: "Enter into thy inner chamber and shut the door, until the storm is over."

We soon find out by experience how difficult it is to shut the door of our hearts from all wandering thoughts; to keep out the world and all its storms.

In order to do this it has been found best to use the early morning, when we can be alone, while we try to follow Christ's command. We may then, wherever we are, enter into the inner chamber of our hearts and shut the door, so that we may meet our Father in secret.

There is another word which needs explanation. "Thy Father who seeth *that which is secret*." This seems to be the best translation. Moffatt translates it, as if it meant: "Who sees the very secrets of your own heart."

Here, then, is another practical need from our side. First, we are to shut out the distracting thoughts of the world; secondly, we are to be pure in our inmost hearts when we meet God, so that we may tell Him truly the secrets that are there,—the very things that we may wish to hide.

So you see what Jesus means is this, that we are to get so quiet in our minds that we can come heart to heart

with God our Father, and in that quiet, open our hearts to Him, and tell Him our innermost thoughts.

St. Paul says: "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. 2. 10, 11.)

Tennyson has paraphrased this where he says:

Speak to Him thou, for He hears,
And Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Nearer is He than breathing,
Closer than hands or feet.

So, in that inner chamber, we have to realise God within; to realise God as Spirit; to realise Him as the Spirit of the universe, meeting with our tiny spirit in that amazing manner. He, the Infinite, loves us. For there is just this one word 'Father' in that verse which makes all the difference. Christ does not tell us to pray to some unknown God, but to pray

to "Our Father". Christ tells us in another passage: "Except ye be converted, and become as this little child, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Unless we become like little children in our attitude towards God, we cannot enter into the Kingdom of prayer."

THE LARGE-HEARTEDNESS OF JESUS

THE question is often asked: "What is the true relation of the Christian religion to the other living religions of the world, such as Hinduism in India, Buddhism in China and Japan, and Islam in India and the Near East?"

It is necessary in answering such a question to remember the primary postulate of the Christian Faith which is that God is our Father. This Fatherhood extends to all mankind without any exception. Not a single human being whom God has created can be without a share in His Fatherly love. Indeed, in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus declares in the language of poetry: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

In the second place, we are told in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, that the light of God has been always shining in the world and overcoming the darkness,

and also that this Light lightens *every man* as it comes into the world. This Light is Christ. Here again, the Christian faith is universal in its character. There is not a single human being who has not had the light shining in the darkness of his own heart.

In the third place, Christ Himself, in one of the most celebrated of His own sayings, uttered these words: "Who is my mother and who are my brethren? He that doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." (Mark 3. 35.) No word could be more universal than this: Wherever the good act is done from a good motive, there is the fulfilling of God's will, and that act is accepted by our Heavenly Father.

Yet once more, when Christ speaks of the final judgment which shall divide mankind, He lays down the principle that whatever good deed is done to humanity, as an act of love, is done unto Himself. "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have

done it into me." When He speaks that word, He calls Himself the Son of Man, which means the Son of Humanity. Here again, there is no limitation in His words. Some asked Him: "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and thirsty?" He answers them, in the words I have already quoted, that He Himself is present in the least of His brethren.

Here are abundant examples, which show that the Spirit of God is always working in the hearts of all mankind, and that any one who responds to that Spirit is accepted by God Himself. For God is no respecter of persons. As St. Paul said, quoting from a Greek poet: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

How then, it may be asked, is the Christian faith unique as well as universal? The uniqueness consists in Christ Himself, who is complete in His character and nature. Therefore, He can give to us the perfect representation, here on earth, of our Father in Heaven. We, who are Christians, can thus receive, not a dim and

imperfect image of what God is, but a perfect likeness. For the embodiment of that love, we see Jesus Christ. Philip, one of the disciples, asked this very question: "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Jesus answered: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, shew us the Father?" (John 14. 9.)

Herein is the unique privilege of holding the Christian Faith. We look at the other living faiths of mankind with the deepest reverence and respect, and we recognise that through them God has wonderfully witnessed to mankind. Age after age and generation after generation, He has shown Himself, in every country of the world, as the Light shining in the darkness of suffering and evil. Men and women, following their own consciences, have sought the Light and have in their own measure found it. But, in Jesus Christ, that Light became fully visible and

focussed in a single character which was able to reveal not a partial image of the invisible God, but, the one true image which we, as human beings, could recognise and accept. The Epistle to the Hebrews gives this thought at its very beginning where it is written :

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.” (Heb. 1, 1). God spoke through the prophets, not in one land only, but in every nation. All these different words of God to man were taken up and united in the One Word, Jesus Christ. As we have seen, St. Paul calls Jesus Christ, “The image of the invisible God.” (Col. 1. 15) and St. John’s first Epistle begins: “That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life, *declare* we unto you.” (1 John. 1. 1-4.)

Here, then, is the uniqueness of Christ. What was dimly seen before by seers and *rishis* of old time, is fully revealed in Christ. What was before spoken to humanity in some partial word from God, is now fully spoken in Christ, who is God's perfect Word to mankind. In this way, Christ completes the full revelation of the Father. He is the Son of Man, the One in whom all mankind, East and West alike, may find its own fulfilment.

FAREWELL

THIS is my last evening with you, and I want first of all tonight to say how thankful I am to God that He has enabled me to stay here for such a long time during this hot weather, in spite of ill-health. Now, looking back, I feel that I have been able to regain a good deal of physical strength, and also have been spiritually refreshed in this Ashram.

My subject, this evening, is one that I have often thought about while I have been living here. It is this. For you and me, this Ashram, "to speak in the language of the Bible," is our Jerusalem, our Zion, the holy place where we meet God, the place where we love to dwell in His presence. If we read the later Psalms, that come at the end of the Psalter, you will find nearly every one of them is a song of Zion,—that is, a song about the House of God at Jerusalem. Therefore, the simple thought that I wanted to leave with you is this: We must find God here, in this Ashram.

You remember the story, in the Book of Genesis, of how Jacob at night rested his head upon a stone and saw in a dream the angels of God ascending and descending, from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. When he woke up out of his sleep, he said: "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

The Jews found in Jerusalem the holy place where they met God. They were glad to go up to Jerusalem because they wanted to be in the Lord's House. The later Psalms tell us how they went up with joy, singing their songs and loving Jerusalem above everything else, and finding in Jerusalem the joy of the whole earth.

What, then, I wish to leave with you as a farewell thought is this, that this Ashram of ours, at Tirupattur, is our Jerusalem, our Zion; this is God's House for us. God is here, in our very midst, and we can find Him and worship Him and realise the nearness of His presence. Such a thought should make us, even when we are away from the Christukula, dwell upon the thought of our Ashram with love, and long to come back again to it, because we ourselves have found here that peace and joy in God and that love one to another, which are our abiding treasures.

I have begun to feel this, even the short time I have been with you. Some of you must have felt it more than I have done, during the longer time that you have been here. To some, it must be a lifelong satisfaction to have been here, and to have had your home in this place, where God is so present with us.

If this is so, and if we love this Christukula, we shall long to add to its beauty. We shall think of it as a sanctuary of joy and peace, and in everything we do, we shall try to make it more beautiful still. Sometimes, when I have looked down from the roof where I have my room, I have felt the beauty enter into my heart as a part of my own life.

There is one thing that the Ashrams of old in India rejoiced in. That was the gracious, plentiful shade of beautiful trees. We have here already many beautiful trees, and we can in time plant more. We should begin to do so. I am sure, if only we think it out, we shall find some simple way like this of giving further joy to our hearts and handing it on to our successors.

All the buildings have a beauty of their own, and there are trees near them; but how joyous it would be if the different paths, where we go to and fro to worship

or to take our meals, were shaded with trees, which would give us a pleasant shade from the burning heat as we go from one part of the Ashram to another, —also while we sit out at the going down of the sun.

But this is only a minor outward beauty. The greatest of all our treasures is to find *God's* presence here, and then to love one another in Him; to feel, when we are here, that we can know and understand more and more the love of Christ Himself, our Good Shepherd, the Friend of us all. For Christ, indeed, is truly with us, when two or three, or all of us, as a family, are assembled here together. With His presence among us, everything blossoms like a garden of flowers. He will bless every moment of our work, and make it fruitful.

Therefore let this be my last word, at Sandhya time, until we meet again, that in this place we should seek and find the beauty of Christ Himself, His joy and His peace; and in that peace and joy we should also feel that our love is increasing one for another,

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A CLOSING HYMN

Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
[power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
[victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
[skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
[shadows flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

APPENDIX

C. F. ANDREWS

It is our melancholy duty to record that as the book is nearing completion comes the sad news of Mr. C. F. Andrews' death at a Nursing Home in Calcutta on the morning of the 5th April (1910) following an operation. The end was peaceful and there were many friends at his bed-side when he was passing away. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta was with Mr. Andrews at the end.

The love and high esteem with which Mr. Andrews was held by all sections of people was manifested at his funeral, which took place in Calcutta on Friday the 5th afternoon. Hundreds of people followed the cortege from St. Paul's Cathedral, where a simple yet impressive service was held, to the Lower Circular Road Cemetery where the remains were interred. Among the floral tributes was a wreath from Mahatma Gandhi.

The Most Rev. Dr. Foss Westcott (Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon) officiated at the service at the Cathedral and also performed the last rites at the grave-side. The Lord Bishop was one of Mr. Andrews' oldest friends.

I. A MEMOIR

Humanitarian, historian, educationist, and above all, the untiring champion of the oppressed and the suffering, Charles Freer Andrews will be remembered by generations of Indians as their trusty friend in the hour of need, their "Deena Randhu", who dedicated all his life to their service and rejoiced in sacrifices for them.

Born in February 12, 1871, Charles Andrews was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and later at Pembroke College, Cambridge. His academic brilliance earned for him a fellowship in the same College when he was 28. He succeeded to the Vice-Principalship of Westcott House, Cambridge, next year.

His real life's work commenced when he came over to India in 1904 as a Professor to St. Stephen's College, Delhi. The next seven or eight years, though spent within the cloistered walls of the College, was really a period of preparation for his greater mission. The poverty and political degradation of Indians deeply affected him and when Gandhiji along with a small band of workers championed the cause of Indians abroad, Mr. Andrews eagerly joined him. It was then nine

years since he had come over to India and his cultural affinities drew him also to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, who had just founded a great centre of Indian culture at Shantiniketan. Mr. Andrews joined the centre and soon got into touch with Gandhiji with whom he spent a number of years in South Africa, returning to Shantiniketan now and then to resume his cultural work.

SERVICE TO INDIANS ABROAD

The Indenture system of labour by which Indians were held in practical slavery in South Africa made Mr. Andrews examine conditions in other Colonies, and of his own accord he toured the Fiji Islands in 1915 along with Mr. W. W. Pearson and brought back information of the most damaging character which he issued in the form of a report. As Gandhiji expressed in an address some time later, it was Mr. Andrews who gave him and the Congress a timely lead in the matter. Gandhiji also testifies how, as soon as he had an inkling of something being rotten in Fiji, Mr. Andrews forsook his sick-bed and his rest at Shantiniketan and sounded for all the call of duty. The mighty wave of indignation that his Fiji Report roused all over India led to continuous agitation. Lord Chelmsford banned recruitment in 1917, but it was done as a war measure under the Defence of India Act and it was obvious

to Mr. Andrews and his friends that the vicious system would be revived soon after the war. So, at the request of Gandhiji, he again left on a fact-finding tour to Fiji. His heart was so set on the mission of releasing the indentured labourers from their slavery that he stayed for a full year in Fiji to bring back more damaging and convincing proofs of the bad conditions there. He also interested the women of Australia in the moral question involved in the issue and gained strong support among them for the abolition of the system. When he returned to India early in 1918, he was in a position to present a strong case to Mr. Montague who was in India then. His sincerity and able advocacy so moved Mr. Montague that the Government of India finally abolished the unjust practice in 1919. January 1, 1920, was a day of unbounded rejoicing to hundreds of thousands of Indians in many parts of the globe—in Fiji, British Guiana, Trinidad, Surinam and Jamaica, for that was the day of their emancipation. It was fitting that the Nagpur Session of the Congress in 1920 recorded its profound gratitude to the "Deena Bandhu" for his invaluable services to Indians abroad.

THE PUNJAB ENQUIRY

The horror and resentment caused by the Jalianwala Bagh tragedy and the

chaos prevailing in the Punjab as a result of the subsequent Martial Law regime drew Mr. Andrews to the scene. But the Government banned his entry into the area and arrested him when he sought to disobey the order. The Hunter Committee which was appointed by Government to enquire into the affairs was felt to be inadequate for the occasion, and Mr. C. F. Andrews, who was pressed by the Indian Press and leaders like Dr. Besant and Gandhiji to make an independent enquiry, succeeded in getting a committee with himself, Gandhiji, Swami Shraddhananda and others ultimately to investigate the Punjab disorders. But his first concern was over the cause of Indians abroad and he had to leave for South Africa in November 1919, a few weeks after the enquiry had commenced. The official history of the Indian National Congress has recorded in this connection that "Mr. Andrews' services to Indians abroad were not less entitled to the thanks of the country than his services to the Punjab".

Gandhiji has spoken on numerous occasions of the great help and co-operation given to him by "Charlie" and they were true friends as well as comrades-in-arms. But it is characteristic of his fundamental honesty and adherence to convictions that Mr. Andrews, when requested by Gandhiji to attend and give

a religious message to the Ahmedabad Session of the Congress, consented to do so but explained openly that he was opposed to the burning of 'foreign cloth. He was so particular about his convictions in the matter that, contrary to custom, he appeared in 'European dress to make clear his protest against the policy of burning, sponsored by Gandhiji. It was about this time too that he lent his valuable offices as peace-maker among the Moplahs of Malabar.

TO THE RESCUE OF KENYA INDIANS

The next great question that enlisted his untiring services was the Kenya question. Compulsory segregation, the denial of franchise to Indians and the prohibition of Indian immigration—it was feared in 1923 that all these and worse might be forced on Kenya by the intolerance of the European community. Mr. Andrews accompanied by request the Kenya Indians' delegation to the Secretary of State for Colonies to London and helped them to present their case properly. His notable help in that connection was thankfully acknowledged by the Indian Congress Working Committee at a meeting held in April of that year. His services in exposing the unsound opium policy of the Government of India were also valuable.

A constructive thinker, he has achieved a large and informative body of writing, largely political and sociological. The more important of them are: "The Renaissance of India", "Indians in South Africa", "The Drink and Drinking Evil", "India and the Pacific", and "The Challenge of the North-West Frontier". He also edited Gandhiji's Autobiography and collaborated with Dr. Girja Mukherji in preparing a history of the Indian Congress. His work on the vexing North-West Frontier Problems strikes a new note and he challenges in that volume the wisdom of the vast military expenditure year after year in a poor country like India. He was a true Christian and has given expression to his faith in the efficacy of the Sermon on the Mount in the solution of social problems in such books as "Christianity and the Labour Problem", "What I Owe to Christ", and "Christ is the Silence".

Mr. Andrews' last published work was "The Inner Life", which appeared at Christmas time. This book describes the long struggle which he went through to keep the inner peace of Christ in his heart during times of great difficulty and trouble.

MR. ANDREWS' PARTING MESSAGE

On the eve of his final operation, Mr. Andrews dictated the following message to Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, who

was with him throughout the last month of his illness and asked him to release the message if anything should happen to him:—

“During these days of waiting since the decision was taken that I should have this operation, my thoughts have all the while been with God and I know that whatever happens His will will be done. Every day I have been saying the prayer: ‘Thy will be done.’ I have been wonderfully helped in thus keeping *shanti* by thoughts of Gurudev (Tagore) and all that I have learnt at Shantiniketan; also by Mahatma Gandhi and what I have learnt from him all these past years. Above all, from the loving spiritual visits in the hospital, from day to day, of the Metropolitan whose Christian faith has marvellously sustained me through all these days of very great suffering and bodily weakness. He has become in these days dearer to me than ever he was before. I have found how absolutely his heart is one with mine in his love for India and for all the world.

God has given me in my life the greatest of all gifts, namely, the gift of loving friends. At this moment, when I am laying my life in His hands, I would like to acknowledge again what I have acknowledged in my books, this supreme gift of friendship, both in India

and in other parts of the world. For, while I have written so far about those who are near me here in India, I have been all the while equally conscious of the loving friends in my own dear land of England whose spiritual help I have been receiving along with constant letters and telegrams. I have also had the same spiritual help from friends who have remembered me in other parts of the world.

While I had been lying in the hospital, I trust that my prayers and hopes have not been merely concerning my own sufferings which are of the smallest importance to-day in the light of the supreme suffering of the whole human race. I have prayed every moment that God's Kingdom may come, and His will may be done on earth as it is always being done in Heaven."—*Hindu*.

II. TRIBUTES

THE METROPOLITAN^{*}

If all of us Europeans had lived as near to Christ as Charlie Andrews, we too should have won the same unstinted affection that is his meed

I for one have seen in him one who seemed to me to reveal, as very few do, the character of the Master whom he sought to love and serve

To our shame we own the strength of racial prejudice with which many Europeans have regarded the peoples of the East. A sense of essential superiority of the White Man over his darker neighbour has been one of the strongest decisive forces between East and West. In Charlie Andrews no vestige of this feeling ever found any place in his relations with the people of this country to which he came out some 34 years ago. To him all men were the children of the one Heavenly Father, whose love included all without distinction, and the opening words of the Lord's Prayer were to him intensely real as he acknowledged his kinship with men of every race and language. We hail him today as one who, in his life, loved his neighbour as himself and displayed those qualities of humility and meekness which make the true peace-maker, breaking

* Broadcast from the Calcutta Station.

down the barriers of racial and social prejudice. Surely, it is a fact of supreme significance that India's two greatest men of modern times: Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi have found in Charlie Andrews the devoted friend and eager co-operator in their efforts to promote unity . . . Andrews gave himself wholly to those whom he sought to serve, he held back nothing, and in doing so he has won a responsive affection which is the only reward he coveted.

MAHATMA GANDHI

In the death of Mr. C. F. Andrews not only India but humanity has lost a true son and servant. And yet his death is a deliverance from pain and the fulfilment of his mission on this earth. Mr. Andrews will live through those thousands who have enriched themselves by personal contact with his writings. In my opinion, Charlie Andrews was one of the greatest and best Englishmen. And because he was a good son of England, he became also a son of India. And he did it all for the sake of humanity and for his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. I have not known a better man or a better Christian than C. F. Andrews. India bestowed on him the title of 'Dinabandhu'. He deserved it because he was a true friend of the poor and down-trodden in all climes.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Poet Tagore, while addressing the congregation at Shantiniketan to pay his tributes to C. F. Andrews, said: "Andrews was a true follower of Christ." The Poet added: "Standing here at this temple I take this occasion to make known my solemn conviction that the gift of Mr. Andrews' dedicated spirit in the cause of humanity will remain for ever. Death cannot destroy, nor Time take away, the merit of his selfless sacrifice."

Dr. Tagore was in a reminiscent mood and recalled that it was in 1912 that he had at first met Mr. Andrews in London. Attracted to him, Mr. Andrews expressed his eagerness to join his humble work at Shantiniketan.

Recalling his services to India and Indians, the Poet mentioned "how surmounting almost unsurpassable difficulties of race, religion, habits and clime, Mr. Andrews heroically took up the cause of the oppressed, the lowliest and the lost in the face of active opposition and even hatred of his own countrymen. He was ever championing the cause of the oppressed against injustice.

This large humanitarian spirit imbibed from Christ's religion of love made him a true Christian. In no one man have I seen such triumph of Christianity. I was fortunate in having him for an

intimate friend. There are people bound to us by ties of necessity, whom we can replace, but his is an irreparable loss.

I consider Providence must have decreed that he should come to us with the gift of his large-hearted love. Here, in Visva-bharati, where I have laid the foundation for world fellowship of culture, it was my privilege to have him as a worker for the cause. That he loved India was the least part of his greatness. He was truly great because he loved humanity.

We cannot but feel the loss involved by his death. We will miss his absence surely from our every-day existence. But beyond this sense of regret, let our faith arise clear and strong that his deathless contributions will endure the onslaughts of Time. Vindicating the wrongs of the poor and meek and befriending them was a great heroic task which he performed, and that will abide as long as love abides. In spite of my sorrow and weariness, I came here especially to pay to his departed soul my tribute of love and respect."

MAULANA ABUL KALAM AZAD

His action and his beliefs represented all that is noblest in Christianity. Our heart shall ever remember with gratefulness his great services to Indians and to our motherland. His death is an international loss.

MR. MAHADEV DESAI

Mr. Mahadev Desai, who had been attending on Mr. Andrews during his last days, said:

"In the death of Mr. Andrews, India has lost a servant, the like of whom it is impossible to meet. For Gurudev and Gandhiji and many of us, who were his closest friends, it is a terrible national loss.

Every day of his life ever since he came to India, about 35 years ago, was dedicated to India for whom he spent himself. He was one of the noblest of Englishmen and the truest of Christians. Every minute of his life he was conscious that he was here to atone for the sins of his countrymen, but the fact that he thought that in serving India, he was only fulfilling a debt should not make us forget the immeasurable debt we owed to him.

Dinabandhu, friend of the helpless, was the name given him by Gandhiji and no apter name could have been given. Whether it was the famine-stricken in Orissa or the earthquake-stricken in Bihar or Quetta, or the oppressed Indians in Fiji or South Africa or Kenya or far off Tanganyika, the Dinabandhu was there by their side. To live for the humble, the lowliest and the lost, was to him to live the message of Christ."

PANDIT JAWAHARLAL

It is hard to believe that this vital personality, overflowing with friendship and goodwill, is no more. The mention of his name brings up large numbers of pictures to one's mind of numerous fields of activity where he laboured to relieve suffering and oppression, always with amazing zeal and intensity of purpose. Indians spread out in far-off corners of the world knew him as a friend who never said 'No' to their appeal. He made India his second home and gave to her the best that was in him and India can never forget him or his tremendous services to her.

SJT. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

There was no truer friend of India, no more religious soul, no more loving friend than C. F. Andrews. His death will break the hearts of many persons who have been left behind and to whom Charlie Andrews was a friend, philosopher and partner in all difficulties.

LORD HALIFAX

Lord Halifax expressed profound sorrow at the death of Rev. Andrews, "whom I was privileged to count among my friends and for whose record of selfless service to his fellow-men I had a deep admiration".

MR. G. A. NATESAN

In the death of Mr. C. F. Andrews, India has lost a great and noble-hearted Englishman, who throughout his life made India's cause his own. A man with a strong and keen sense of justice, he did not hesitate to condemn the actions of Government, not only here but also of other Governments who were sacrificing the interests of Indians settled in their territories. To Indians overseas, the loss must be irreparable as he ever fought for the removal of their just grievances. In him I have lost a friend who was most affectionate and who, in many ways, had helped me in my work.

Mr. PHILLIP UNWIN

There is not one author we know whose passing away could create such a deep sense of personal loss. Nobody could help developing a deep affection for him. Never have I met a man more single-hearted and more deeply in love with India or more utterly without thought of self.

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